István ADORJÁN

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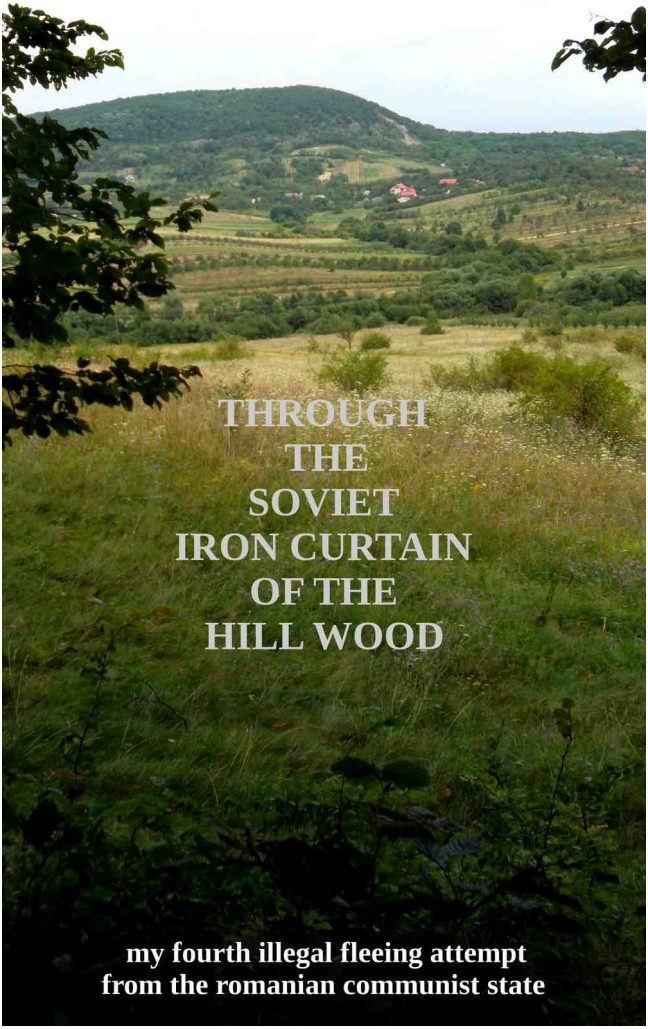

THROUGH THE SOVIET IRON CURTAIN OF THE HILL WOOD

my fourth illegal fleeing attempt
from the romanian communist state

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Cover-photos information

On the photo of the front cover, there is visible on the sky-line the place of the fourth illegal frontier crossing of the author from a point of its path being inwards in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from it, while the photo of the back cover visually reconstructs the scene of his fourth imprisonment around 30 years later. Their detailed period written reconstructions are contained by the text.

Language information

The language of this book is not quite the english proper. There are many languages on Terra that are potentially universal in that everyone may acquire and use them without a significant change in quality of life. There is a wide civil need for a unique real universal language in order to enable humans to communicate with one another. The Roman Empire was not sufficient for carrying into effect the universality of the latin language. A national state shall not be capable of carrying into effect the universality of its language ever. At present, the english proper is the nearest to the quality of unique real universal language. However, as a natural language it has many deficiencies, and it might not be the best means of universal communication. And as rules in a language are made not by states, but by its users in thinking, speaking and writing, with translating his books into the english language the author makes a few steps towards turning the english proper into the unique real universal language on Terra, as an intermediary phase towards disabling the imperialist national states to become means of persecuting individuals and social groups, and breaking down all artificial frontiers among humans and peoples in the Terra nation and the Terra state.

In memory of the humans killed
at the frontiers of the communist states

With the purpose of rolling up
the national secret political organizations,
their making historical subjects
and objects of party programs

The Earth's *"hydras"*
shall be destroyed
only by the Sun's *supernova?*

“Before Szeged, a newer corpse was taken out of the Maros. He was a fugitive from Transylvania … I could no longer stand looking at those three boys being beaten by the romanian frontier guards. As they pummeled them, kept on kicking their faces with the top-boots. Because they tried escaping to Hungary. The eye of one turned inside out from the top-boot kicks … The other day, two boys were buried. They had been shot dead during their escape attempt on the romanian-hungarian frontier. The militia did not authorize opening the caskets for the parents.” [1]

András SÜTŐ,
hungarian writer in Romania

István ADORJÁN

THROUGH THE SOVIET IRON CURTAIN OF THE HILL WOOD

— my fourth illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state

Memoirs novel

István ADORJÁN – 2020

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Foreword

In this book, i reconstruct in detail for the most part with words my fourth illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state happened between 2 and 19 october 1989, as well as my detention between 19 october and 27 december 1989 at the respective authorities and in the respective institutions of the soviet and the romanian communist states. Along with my self-sufficient books entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State”, “Across the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest” and “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier”, this book constitutes a tetralogy as its fourth part.

My four illegal fleeing attempts happened between 1986 and 1989 are mites of a good many ten thousand or a few hundred thousand cases of which starting-point was the romanian communist state. In spite of the fact — as i was basically thinking and acting in the same manner, suffering the same experiences as my companions in distress — by my personal thoughts and experiences i express also the experiences of all those humans, who tried to gain their freedom, as well as the freedom of others, by illegal frontier crossing.

Some of them succeeded in reaching one or other of the countries of liberty. Others were captured by the authorities of the neighboring communist states and deported back. However, the majority became the pray of the romanian national-communist arbitrariness before crossing the romanian-yugoslav frontier. Those whose last experience of life was a rattle of machine pistol, a whizzing of bullets and a sharp pain subsiding in nothing, for victims of the communist dictatorship, died for freedom. Be this book a headstone on their nameless and unknown graves!

According to my best endeavor and within the frameworks of my memory, the content of this book for the most part exteriorizes my consciousness of that time. The political or ideological principles created subsequently, and some comments constitute exceptions. In addition, the thoughts and dialogs are and can only partly be based on remembrance, to a certain extent they are of fictitious character.

Although at the time of the bygone happenings i thought to deal with only the authorities of the communist states, with the respective facts described and thoughts written in my book i assert the concept termed by me “national secret political organization”, so as it occurred to me beginning with the early years of the decade 1990 in conformity with my experiences relative to them. I metaphorically term this secret political entity above state and society “hydra”, following that at the beginning of the decade 1990, in the anti-communist countrywide daily paper of romanian lan-

guage named România liberă[1] there was sometimes termed “hydra” the national-communist power existing and reigning on behind the mask of the National Salvation Front. The “hydra” organizes itself regularly on an ethnic-national basis from the ranks of the most influential members of the state and society, it created the state as the main means of its ethnic-national secret policy, according to its intention it continuously controls and governs the state and society.

My memoirs could not be complete and their authenticity could not be maximum, if they did not contain the personal data which i have remembered. I got these lawfully and outside or against my will under the circumstances of the vanished and historically condemned communist political system, what is more, in a liberty-lost and exposed standing in its repressive institutions. My conviction is that regularly i did not accidentally got into relations with these persons — as i refer to this in the plot or the afterword — but in the frameworks of the implementation of the personal secret policies relative to me of the “hydras”, which does not unconditionally mean that the respctive persons acted national secret politically consciously. Consequently, these personal data are not only my memories having certain historical-documentary value, but also parts of the respective personal secret policies of the respective national secret political organizations, and for this reason their publication is tied up with not only the freedom of speech and press, but also with a stressed public interest, even where the national states exclude civil society from the definition and handling of the data of public interest, by this means exposing it to state punishment the publication of personal data in connection with abuses of the political power, being in possession of the civil society. So that, in so far as they did not act secretly in my relation, those persons should bear publicity, with a special regard to that the refutation and attack of my books and person are interests of the national secret political organizations.

I have never been in a state of the english language. Conversed very little with persons originating from there. Have learnt it from manuals, dictionaries, wireless and TV. So the wording of this book may be very personal and peculiar. However, i am confident that it entirely transmits the message of the fleeing humans.

A few hundred years ago many people began to flee the Old World. This phenomenon is still going on. The reason why the message of this book is not only one from the today’s Old World. It is also a message from the past, from the ancestors of millions and millions of Americans, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders to the New World: let us exert our influence that the state cease to be a source of fleeing; let us exert our influence that humans do not have to pay for freedom, but be born with it and the state become its protector, warrantor and expresser; let us exert our in-

1 Read approximately: romɨ 'niʌ 'liberə. In the english language: Free Romania.

fluence that humans find liberty, welfare, unlimited developmental and unfolding possibilities in their native lands as well, and do not have to flee for them; let us exert our influence that humans feel at home anywhere in the world, in order that they can grow up to the united nations, and expand their country to the united states on the entire Earth!

1. What kinds of foodstuffs shall i have in Nagybánya[2]?

Hagymáslápos[3], monday, 9 october 1989. I got off the train to Nagybánya.[4] Dark clouds were coming nearer, the wind was blowing.

It shall shower — thought. … I will wait till it gives over!

Entered the station-building. Put down the rucksack on a bench, and sat down. The downpour commenced.

Although on my liberation from prison of 31 july this year around half of the summer was at my disposal, i could not depart earlier, because had to physically recuperate, and to wait for my bald hairdressing to become normal.

In the course of my former three illegal fleeing attempts, obtained valuable experiences. Among others, got to know the natural drinking-water sources, the manner of spending the night in the open air, the frontier-guard watch-tower, the plowed stripe, and the zone of the hills of Versec[5]. Found out that one can tracklessly cross the frontier only on a high and steep terrain, that what perils lay hidden in the humans living in the frontier zones of the neighboring communist states.

Although on the basis of all these experiences and knowledge, i took it for certain that would have been able to get in the yugoslav communist state for the third time as well, but with regard to the locality, public-road and vehicle control there, to the knowledge of the hungarian language, to the more favorable lei-forint rate of exchange compared to that of lei-dinar, to the shorter distances, and last but not least to the need of searching and assessing the accomplishableness of newer illegal-fleeing possibilities, decided to reach Austria through the hungarian communist state.

According to my information, from the end of 1987 the hungarian communist authorities recognized as refugees those fleeing the romanian communist state. This made it possible that, in case of the becoming impossible of my proceeding more to the west, i made an application for po-

2 Read approximately: 'nɔgyba:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Baia Mare. Big town in a straight line at around 35 kilometers from the romanian-soviet frontier. [2] I measured these distances roughly between the center of the given locality and the point of the frontier being the nearest to it. For this reason, they are regularly smaller than the distances related to the planned point of my frontier crossing.

3 Read approximately: 'hɔgyma:ʃla:poʃ. In the romanian language: Lăpuşel. Village in a straight line at around 40 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

4 According to the schedule, the local train had to depart at 13 hours and 8 minutes. [5] During the reconstruction of the happenings, the Railroad Guide 1989/1990 was not at my disposal. Although the above moment probably deviates with a few minutes from the one being valid at that time, from the point of view of the reconstruction of the events the margin is not essential.

5 Read approximately: 'verʃets. In the serbo-croatian language: Vršac. Yugoslav town in a straight line at around 13 kilometers from the yugoslav-romanian frontier. [2] Geographically, these hills appertain to the Versec Mountains. [14] I named them “hills of Versec” because my atlas denoted the highest mountain of the tract by the name of “Versec Barrow”, and in the vicinity of the frontier there were only hills.

litical asylum in the neighboring state. Considered Austria to be more favorable because of its more democratic roots, both from the point of view of my emigration and of my planned political activity as well.

While earlier my radio information connected with the illegal fleeing from the romanian communist state had exclusively related to the romanian-yugoslav frontier, and those only in generality referred to the peril of life running with it, in 1989 Free Europe Radio of both romanian and hungarian language gave several concrete news of that frontier guards of the romanian communist state had shot dead frontierists[6]. According to one, they killed a child making for the frontier on the dike of the Szamos[7]. On the basis of these, i considered that the romanian-hungarian frontier had become the most perilous.

Although in the prison i conversed with rather many companions in distress living in or originating from the romanian-soviet frontier zone, heard no news or information from them relative to the romanian-soviet frontier. In this regard, the radio said nothing as well. On the other part, was destined to talk in 1985, in the person of my chief co-worker in Dicsőszentmárton[8] Béla NAGY[9], with such a reserve frontier guard, who had done his military service on a north-moldavian[10] section of the romanian-soviet frontier. According to his telling, some humans living next to the frontier used to go over illegally to the Soviet Union in order to visit relatives or do shopping. From all these, concluded that practically no frontierists availed themselves of the romanian-soviet frontier, there was no fence along it, it was less guarded and extremely easy to cross.

Taking into consideration the above, i decided to try to get in the hungarian communist state crossing not the romanian-hungarian, but first the romanian-soviet, and afterwards the soviet-hungarian frontiers. For this, a narrow strip of land of the soviet communist state around 17 kilometers wide provided an opportunity. By this means, on the one part, could avoid the more perilous romanian-hungarian frontier, and on the other part, could eliminate the disadvantages of the illegal fleeing through the bolshevik[11]

6 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “frontierist”. [Read approximately: frontie 'rist.] In the penal institutions of the romanian communist state, but mainly in its prisons, the criminals having committed crimes involving moral turpitude so called the persons gotten there for illegal frontier crossing or the attempt of it. Extending the extension of this notion to those who had served the punishment, as well as to also those who had illegally gotten to the Occident, by “frontierist” i mean a person directly or indirectly dissatisfied with the totalitarian regime of his or her state who, in order to get rid of that and to settle down in a democratic country, illegally crossed or tried to cross the frontier illegally, by so doing having risked his or her freedom, corporal integrity and life.

7 Read approximately: 'sɔmoʃ. In the romanian language: Someş.

8 Read approximately: 'dițfɔ:sentma:rton. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrnăveni, Târnăveni.

9 Read approximately: 'be:lɔ 'nɔgy. A hungarian name.

10 In the romanian language: Moldova. It is roughly the region of the romanian national state east of the crest of the Carpathian Mountains.

11 This word expresses the reality more closely, as the bolsheviks bolshevized the soviets.

state: continental distances, the official restriction of the liberty of movement, the incertitude of black convertibility of money, the guardedness of the frontier sections common with its democratic neighbors.

It stopped raining. I lifted on the rucksack to my back, and left the waiting-room. The sky remained overcast. Beside the railroad, set off towards Nagybánya.

Went across a river bridge. Because of the watery vegetation and the muddy soil, did not let myself down next to the earth or the stone embankment being on it, but pacing on the ties marched between the rails. Often glanced up and behind for controlling the railroad.

With a view of avoiding the authorities and the agents of the “hydra”, i would have liked to make use of a small town for purchasing, however, did not have a possibility for this because of the characteristics of my route. Therefore, in my plan had chosen Nagybánya for completing my food-supply, despite its quality of big town.

With regard to my illegal-fleeing principle according to which, because of the above safety purposes, could not touch the larger stations, got off in the halting-place before it, Hagymáslápos. According to my map, the railroad swept round to the east, and attained the big town drawing tangentially near to its line Nagybánya-Szatmárnémeti[12]. Possibly in the vicinity of this railroad section, had to search for a covered place suitable for spending the night. Namely, had to start on from the first station of that after Nagybánya to Színérváralja[13], the starting-point of the largest route section to be done marching of my illegal-fleeing plan.

At times, searched the terrain. On the right an agricultural field, on the left a slag-dump lay constantly.

On the right side, there emerged a relatively thick concrete pipe.

It is suitable for a sleeping-place though — was thinking — but it is too far from the town … And i did not even reach the railroad line Nagybánya-Szatmárnémeti … Till the darkening, there is still much time at my disposal, so that will keep on the search!

Had prepared for the case of necessity according to which had to spend the night in the rain without a shelter by the help of the foils made of polyethylene sacks being in my equipment. But had no experiences relative to this. Drawing a lesson from covering myself with the PVC foil in the course of my third illegal fleeing attempt, was afraid of that the foils would check the breathing through the skin, and the breath sweating out would make the sleeping-bag wet.

12 Read approximately: 'sɔtma:rne:meti. In the romanian language: Satu Mare. Big town in a straight line at around 17 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

13 Read approximately: 'si:ne:rva:rɔlyɔ. In the romanian language: Seini. Village in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

The railroad commenced to leniently bend to the right. Farther and in the distance, there was visible the large arch marked on the map.

Was drawing near to a village.[14] It lay on the left side. On its edge, a non-modernized street led.

Proceeding on the railroad, i shall cause a greater sensation — thought. … Will enter the village! … Maybe, shall get over to the other railroad line.

Went up to the street. There was not visible a human. Forced the pace. The courtyards were dead. It seemed that no one had taken notice of me. A bifurcation broke through.

I will turn to the left! — decided.

In the middle of the street, an older woman person stood.

“Good afternoon!” said i, in the romanian language.

“Good afternoon!”

“Could you tell me, please, how could i get through to the railroad leading towards Szatmárnémeti?”

“In this street, you’ll get out to a river,” answered she, readily. “Beyond the bridge, you’ll go on towards Nagybánya on the footpath along the river, till you get to a ranch. From there, a lane leads towards the railroad.”

“Thank you very much!”

The river viewed. It was around 10 meters wide. For a continuation of the street, a concrete bridge led over it. Went across it, and turned off to the right to the bank.

The ranch appeared to be dead. A rubbled lane being in a good state led on it to the left. In the distance, a railroad-embankment rose from the flat terrain.

Now, only the sleeping-place is lacking! — thought, rejoicing.

Turned to the lane. It ran on a bare meadow. Beyond the railroad, an orchard stretched to the right and left unsurveyably.

It seems — was thinking — that there is no covered place in the surroundings … I will turn towards the town! … Nearer it, maybe shall come across something.

Beside the embankment, turned off to the meadow. It looked like rain. At times, it commenced to drizzle.

Reached the bed of a dried-up brooklet. It came out from under the

14 To Zazár. Read approximately: 'zɔzaːr. In the romanian language: Săsar. Suburban locality of Nagybánya. [6]

railroad. I turned to the left. At around 3 meters high, the small railroad concrete bridge sheltered from rain a piece of ground around 3 meters in width and length. It proved to be dry and horizontal.

It is a splendid shelter! — established i. … Only the endurableness of the noise of trains is questionable.

Put down the rucksack. Examined the terrain on the other side. The orchard was bordered by a wire-netting fence. Behind it, a grassy pool rich in water was visible.

It is suitable for drinking and cleaning myself — thought.

Took out the plastic bottle and mug, soap, towel and the shaving-set. Climbed the fence. Took water. Laved, then shaved myself.

After eating, came to disposing the sleeping-place. Under the bridge, smaller and bigger railroad stones lay about densely scattered. Cleaned a surface of a suitable size. Spread out two foils. Placed the sleeping-bag on them.

The night was passing relatively well. Only the trains rumbling above woke me up from time to time.

The day was breaking. Got up. Took off the articles of clothing used only for sleeping. Put on the shoes. Folded up the sleeping-bag keeping-bag, and put it into the pocket. With regard to the girdle sewn on it by me, it could be carried both in the hand and on the shoulder as well. Did my packing.

Where shall i hide the rucksack from view? — raised the question to myself.

In the direction of the orchard, went out from under the bridge, and looked round. On the left, a shrub stood at around 20 meters at the foot of the embankment.

Got this as well! — thought, rejoicing.

Caught the rucksack, and carried it there. Took out a foil. Placed it under the shrub. Covered in order to shelter it from a possible rain.

Set off towards Nagybánya. The vegetation being watered and the soil muddy, climbed up in between the rails.

My upper clothing was formed by a knitted cap, a dark blue, hooded overcoat made of a thicker[15] synthetic fiber, a pair of dark green balloon-fabric pants, and sports shoes. Took with me 1,500 lei.[16] This sum had been

15 As compared with my resembling overcoat used at the time of my second illegal fleeing attempt.

16 Read approximately: ley. The monthly average salary did not by far exceed 2,000 lei. The price of a bread of 1 kilogram or a tin of tinned fish of 205 grams was around 10 lei. One could travel from Marosvásárhely to the neighborhood of the romanian-yugoslav frontier by fast train for

left and kept on the fridge by my parents. According to my calculations, it had to largely defray the expenses of carrying out my plan.

In the first place, the food-supply had to make me independent of the society on the section of route to be done marching. At the same time, took into account the peril according to which certain factors — illness, accident, or need of reconnoitering — would interrupt the planned cadence of my advance. For this reason, had to set off on foot towards the frontier with the greatest quantity of food possible, namely had to completely feel up the rucksack. From those brought from Marosvásárhely[17], there were left around 4 kilograms of milk powder, 1 kilogram of granulated sugar, a few tins of tinned fish and several packs of biscuit, which under normal circumstances should have lasted out till my planned getting on train in the hungarian communist state. But there was still empty room in the rucksack.

From the right, there appeared the western skirts of the town. At around 100 meters, a concrete road led. It was busy.

Reached a country lane. It ran through the inter-terrain. Let myself down from the embankment, and turned to it.

There appeared a place-name table with the lettering: Baia Mare[18]. In front of an enterprise building, a bus-stop followed.

Splendid! — thought, rejoicing. … I can go on by bus!

From a stall, bought four tickets.

Got on the first bus. It attracted my attention the contrast between the slowness of the march and the speediness of the vehicle. Also with this, it became obvious for me the advantages and the indispensability of the social life.

There had viewed food shops. At the first stop, got down. Examined through their supplies. They proved to be extremely poorish. Only the peas canned in jars suited my requirements.

It may be — was thinking — that farther inside i shall come across harder foodstuffs with more advantageous packing.

Arrived at the quadratic main square of the old district of the town. Went it round. From the acceptable foodstuffs, altogether detected a sort of biscuit of inferior quality and brown bread. According to the country-wide

around 90 lei.

17 Read approximately: 'mɔroʃva:ʃa:rhey. In the romanian language of the epoch, and respectively of today: Tîrgu Mureş, Târgu Mureş. Big town in a straight line at around 135 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

18 Read approximately: 'bʌyʌ 'mʌre.

standard, it was round, and weighed 2 kilograms. From the self-service, bought 10 packs of biscuits, and from the bakery shop, one bread.

All these are not enough yet for filling up the rucksack — established. … I have to scrupulously search through the stores of the main square!

In my newer round, included the confectioneries, the shops selling half-manufactured goods, the units of public catering and every other store putting into circulation foodstuffs. In a candy shop stumbled upon milk powder, in a stall upon honeyed milk bars, and in a self-service restaurant upon mackerel roasted in egg. Bought a large helping of fish, and stood at a table for consuming it on the spot.

I continued my round having eaten my fill. In order to avoid the dense crowd, went out on the edge of the wide sidewalk. From time to time, had to turn off to the road. Instinctively glancing up, my eyes were fixed on a known face, on the face of a former university year-mate and friend domiciled in Nagybánya and working in Marosvásárhely. I knew that if he beheld me, the information about my whereabouts and howabouts would become known to the “hydras”. A chill came over me.

2. Has the sensor of the “hydras” registered me?

My mood in the course of springing resembled that which i had already had opportunity to go through on 5 april 1987, after having discovered the frontier-guard watch-tower. The agreeable, but false feeling of freedom was all at once replaced by the threat of the real peril of captivity. It seemed to prove useless all those efforts which i made in the interest of obtaining and maintaining my natural liberty: the leaving of Marosvásárhely in the night, the nightly advance in the forest, the march of six days in the nature. But there was an essential difference. The tentacles of the same national secret political monster surrounded me though, this time it did not have the disposal of either reasons or means for my capturing. As i stayed far from the frontier of its state, but even from its zone.[19] There could not be present the frontier guards, its green-uniformists, with whom it could have it executed both its published and secret will. Reversely, there was present such a person, behind whom according to my experiences it could take cover, in whom it could become embodied, and through whom it could act in the interest of my capturing. There was present a supporter of the execution or an executor without uniform of its secret will: a squealer

19 Pursuant to the law, the frontier zone was formed by the totality of the territories of the communities of which frontiers partly coincided with the frontier of the state. [7]

or a secret agent. A sign that outlined the perspective of my social captivity.

Around 5 meters separated me from him. My look slid on, without meeting with his one. We passed by each other. I despaired. Did not look after him.

If he has perceived me — was thinking — obviously he will instantly squeal me by phone … But how can they have me captured? … This is only possible by the help of a militia patrol … Away from here! … Yet, first have to buy milk bars!

The stall stood at around 30 meters, slightly on the left. With big steps, began running towards it.

As i was not in the frontier zone, under normal circumstances my fixed abode of Marosvásárhely could not have raised suspicion in the eye of an identifying militiaman. But subsequently to my second illegal fleeing attempt, the militia had made out a bulletin[20] with the series BL, from which a person of the authorities could instantly find out that i was a "country-wide criminal", on the basis of which he could instantly take me into custody for a control. My former illegal fleeing attempts, my stay in Nagybánya, and the great quantity of food being by me could have constituted sufficient evidences for my arrestation and accusation of illegal frontier-crossing attempt.

"Give me, please, forty pieces of bars!" said i to the saleswoman, in the romanian language, being scarcely able to disguise my gasping.

She looked at me being surprised, somewhat distrustfully and mildly smiling.

"Whom do you take so many for?!" asked she, curiously politely.

"Fooor … the sportsmen … I am from the sports school … It is of a very high caloric value … It is needed by the sportsmen …"

"Oh yes," said she, numerating.

I watched my social environment. Nothing special struck my eyes.

More quickly! — thought. … Number them more quickly!

Payed. In haste stuffed the milk bars in the bag. It almost filled up.

Out of the town!

Started on in double-quick towards the nearest street. Left the main square.

Reaching a road, looked asunder. Slightly on the left, beheld a stop. Went across to the other sidewalk, and mingled among the humans waiting for the bus.

20 A translation of the romanian and the romanian hungarian names of the identity book of the romanian communist state. [In the romanian and the romanian hungarian languages: buletin.]

From the street, a white Dacia[21] took a curve out towards me slowly. It drew unusually near to the sidewalk. Its well-built driver, with his characteristically official eye, interrogatively watched the humans standing about.

Would you like to take a cab? — asked he, suggestingly.

It was slowly driving by in front of the bus-stop.

It is the most rapid means for leaving the town — thought. … And it appears in front of me just when i need it most of all! … The driver looks typically like a Securitate[22] officer … It is very suspicious … Is it in their interest to quickly make it available to me this automobile seeming to be occasional? … Yes, as either a militiaman would be able to easily obstruct me on the highroad, or knowing the starting-point and the direction of my route section to be done marching, they could easily follow me as far as the frontier, where they could easily capture me.

My presumption that my “friend” had observed me began to strengthen.

A bus arrived. Got on. Punched a ticket.

“Could you tell me, please, was turning to a traveler, in the romanian language, “where does this bus go to?”

“To the station.”

“Thank you.”

It is not suitable! — thought. … There, regularly, the militiamen patrol even in the day-time! … The identifying is the most probable there! … There, they can control me even without a pretext!

At the first stop, got down. From behind, a truck was coming nearer. The driver sat alone in its blue cabin. I made a sign to him. It drew up. I opened the door.

“Good morning!” said i, in the romanian language. “Where do you go?”

“To the station.”

“Thank you, it does not suit.”

Looked round. Behind my back at around 100 meters, the first forest-clad heights of the Guttin Mountains[23] towered over the town.

They show and constitute the part of nature — was thinking — to where i can the most quickly leave the society of Nagybánya … Will not wait for another vehicle! … Away from here!

The nearest street was directed just towards the mountain. Shouldered the bag, and with hurried steps started on.

21 Read approximately: 'dʌtʃiʌ. The passenger car of romanian communist make.
22 Read approximately: sekuri 'tʌte. The political police of the Ceauşescu regime.
23 In the romanian language: Munţii Gutâi.

Got to the sidewalk of a road. It ran at the foot of the mountain. Its slope was covered with houses encircled by smaller or larger courtyards and gardens. Beheld a running-up muddy street. Went across to the other side, and proceeded on my way towards it.

The non-modernized street was from both sides flanked by fences. A wooden gate appeared in front of me.

Would it be a dead-end street?! — raised the question to myself.

From behind the fence, a human viewed acting. I approached him.

“Good morning!” greeted him, in the romanian language. “Tell me, please, how could i get to the top?”

“There, a street leads as far as the top,” answered he, pointing to the left.

“Thank you!”

The street, as a non-modernized stripe of ground around 5 meters wide, steeply ascended among the houses. It commenced to narrow. Before losing my sight to the town in a sharp left curve, looked behind. Down, facing the mouth of the street, a young man stood on the other sidewalk in front of the entrance of a block. He wore a leather jacket, on his head he did not have a cap. He watched the mountain-slope.

They have spotted me! — thought, trembling. … I am no longer fleeing the state, but the town.

3. Backwards or onwards?

Pressed upwards with all my might. Reaching an outflow, came to a halt. Recovered my breath. Drank. Climbed onwards on the winding footpath.

Its steepness commenced to diminish. There cropped up the forest.

I have gotten rid of the town! — thought, feeling relief rejoicing. … They cannot send here a militia patrol any longer.

At the last gardens, got to the top. The footpath, become of the street, continued gravitating to the left horizontally. Tiring, panted and perspired.

I have to rest! — thought.

Looked behind. A young man was coming upwards.

Is not he following me? — raised the question to myself.

I turned to the right beside the fence of the last house. He went ahead

seemingly unchanged on the footpath.

I reached the fringe of the forest. Sat down under a tree. There struck my eyes big seeds dispersed on the leaf-litter.

Comestible chestnuts! — thought. … One of the characteristics and renowns of Nagybánya.

Proceeded on my way on the footpath. It became roughly parallel with the path on which had come in the town. Its both sides were overgrown with grass. On the right, the forest spread. At times, humans appeared from among the trees, individually or in small groups. With dossers on the back, they were gathering chestnuts. On the left side, there were visible the perimeters of the gardens stretching as far as the top. The town panoramically lay from the east to the west.

A helicopter emerged high up in the air. It came nearer from the opposite direction. Having reached an orchard, instinctively took shelter under a plum tree.

What is safe, is safe — thought.

A dense acacia grove viewed.

Halt a little! — thought. … Analyze my new situation! … Gather my thoughts, and settle what shall i do! … And, at the same time, eat something!

Penetrated among the trees. Sat down, and took out a milk bar.

It is a fact — was thinking — that they have spotted me … If i continue my way towards the frontier, they shall certainly have me captured … Have to return to Marosvásárhely! … If go down to the station, and buy the ticket, they shall no longer be able to do something[24] … But while here on the mountain am in safety, from the perimeter of the town as far as the station, and mainly in the station till the ticket buying, there shall be hanging over my head the sword of Damocles of getting into the prison! … The best thing to do is marching back to Hagymáslápos! … If now break my illegal fleeing attempt, then shall sooner be able to depart again in the spring of the coming year … Shall lose at least a half year … But why could not act in Nagybánya as in Marosvásárhely?! … Why could not apply the same illegal-fleeing strategy here as well?! … Moreover, my present situation is more advantageous, because am much nearer the frontier! … From here, it is already come-at-able marching as well! … No! Will not go back! … After the nightfall, will go down for the rucksack, will come back to the mountain, then tomorrow will continue my way in the forest; in this way they not only shall lose control over me, but also i shall be able to safely march towards the frontier … By this means, shall have to modify my plan

24 Pursuant to the penal code, the giving up of committing the criminal actcriminal act before its official spotting would have freed me from the penalty. [8]

only so much that will renounce reaching Színérváralja by train[25] … And now, marching on the mountains have to leave the western corner of the town, and, if possible, have to get approximately in line with the rucksack, at such a place from where can let myself down even in the dark!

Started on. Was pleased that did not have to give up my illegal fleeing attempt, that have discovered the viability of my plan by a modification under the unforeseeably changed new circumstances, and the manner of its safe carrying into effect, and that was able to flee the state again. This decision resettled my normal mood, filled me with optimism and hopes. The sky was not cloudless, but the sun was shining. The mountains illumined in front of me indicated that was not far from the western skirts of the town any longer.

A steep slope unfolded itself in front of me. It was overgrown with an orchard sparsely. Farther down, a church looked white. On the bottom of the slade, there were set in order houses along a rubbled lane running downwards.

The north-western corner of Nagybánya — thought. … I have to remove myself from the church!

Turning slightly to the right, began descending among the fruit-trees. Was drawing nearer to an arm of the forest. It appeared dense. Proved to be rough soiled. Was under the necessity of taking up the fight with it.

Got down to the lane. Looked asunder. No human was visible. Slightly on the left, a non-modernized street ran roughly towards the west.

It suits my plan — thought.

Crossed the lane, and turned to it. Was skirted with houses, and leniently declined. Farther, it commenced to ascend. Higher up, it vanished on a grassy slope.

Got up to the forest. Mostly big trees formed it. Could gradually turn to the south, by this means diminishing the efforts running with the climbing. The terrain became horizontal, then it commenced to leniently descend.

A terrain overgrown with grass appeared from among the trees. Left the wood. On the large slope, there were visible small vineyards, in some places houses. Coat of green separated them from one another. Here and there, scarcely beaten lanes ran.

The westward direction of march is not reasonable any longer — thought. … The further descent is possible even in the dark … I have to

25 From Marosvásárhely, i had by rail made 147 kilometers, with 3 accommodation-trains, with the getting-down and/or getting-on touching of the following stations: Sajószentandrás (Sfîntu, Sfântu), Csicsómihályfalva (Ciceu Mihăeşti), Alsókosaly (Căşeiu), Kucsó (Cuceu Sălaj), Szamosudvarhely (Someş Odorhei), Hagymáslápos (Lăpuşel). [5]

stop!

A walnut-tree stood on the perimeter of a vineyard. Sat down under it. Took out the bread, broke off a piece from it, and began eating.

How much simplier it would have been — was thinking — if my "friend" had not caught sight of me: i finish the foodstuffs reconnoitering, normally make purchases, get on a bus, and go back to my rucksack … Now, would already be on the way towards Színérváralja, down along the railroad … However, am satisfied with this purchasing as well … That was not essentially influenced by the event, as probably either way would have bought only milk bars, because still have milk powder … It is a favorable circumstance that caught sight of my "friend" … If it had not happened so, now the "hydra" would have had me shadowed without my knowledge … If not in the town, then it would have had me captured in the frontier zone by having me squealed or at the frontier by frontier guards[26] … I condemn his act not only because of is consequences relative to me … Because of his having blinded by his real or presumed interests, more general irresponsibility, narrow-mindedness, egoism, he leaves out of consideration that the communist regime is viable just by means of the squealers and agents … As without them, the party, the "hydra" would be unable to keep up the contact with the society, would be unable to rule the humans towards its secret purposes, would be unable to preserve its own security, it would go blind, and would lose power … Of course, he could say as well: one swallow does not make a spring … But at last, this also refers to irresponsibility, as if every squealer thinks in this manner, which is most likely, then indeed, those many swallows would be able to make a spring in this wintery state and world of communist states … Still, can partly understand my "friend" … Because if someone gets in the situation of choosing between his individual interests and one of his personal connections, he will certainly decide on the former … How does the whole thing pass off? … A person from the Securitate pretending to be XY rings him up and promises that he will arrange to him a better place of work … After this, or after he has gotten the place of work, "comrade" XY presents himself again and again, asking him to furnish certain information, do certain things … And of what avail is a friendship beside a better place of work and the troubles running with the non-collaboration?! … The "hydras" corrupt the humans, the human relations, the whole society.

From the back, rustles of steps struck my ear. Looked to the right. An

26 Not knowing the law relative to the frontier, i did not know where the inner edge of the frontier zone ran. Heard in the prison that the frontier guards acted even at around 30 kilometers from the frontier. This was true so much that in the interest of "reconnoitering, identifying and arresting the persons intending to fraudulently cross the frontier", the frontier guards had the right to take measures as far as 30-40 kilometers from the frontier inwards, moreover, as far as greater distances as well. [7]

old man person walked away with the hands behind him by the vineyard. It was visible from his poorly simple clothing and self-confident movement that he lived in a near house. He looked at me curiously, but probably seeing that i was eating bread, he said nothing, despite the bunches of the dark blue ripe grapes smiling in front of me and my full bag.

Pricked up my ears to an airplane noise. It intensified from the west. Looked upwards. Its dark green body kept appearing from behind the walnut leaves. Felt secure.

On the twilight, took the bag on my shoulder, and started onwards on the lane. Turned to a footpath. On the right side, after a ditch full of vegetation, a wire-fencing was visible. Behind it, fruit-trees loomed. At times, shrubberies screened it. On the left side, there extended fenceless gardens of houses coming after one another. My touching with the leaves of the maizes of heights standing taller than 2 meters made my descending inevitably loud.

It would be good climbing into the orchard — was thinking — in order to get farther from the houses and i can march more softly!

In a sparser part of it, cut through the vegetation. Fought my way through a shrubbery. Took under examination the fence. Its wire netting was fixed on concrete stakes. Above, there strained four barbed wires.

Is it climbable? — raised the question to myself.

Put down the bag. Approached a stake. With both hands, clutched its upper part, fastened to its middle the right foot, and with the left one tried stepping up onto the margin of the wire netting. Darted at it several times. The opposition of the shrubbery made me unable for completing this movement.

It is too high — established. … And there is not enough room either.

Proceeded on my way on the footpath. Could only conclude its existence from the touching sense of my soles and the looming vegetation interspace. Kept the left hand mostly raised to protect my face from the maize blades. From time to time, looked to the right in order to see whether the fence had become climbable. But a mostly dense shrubbery screened it henceforward.

Getting down to the foot of the mountain, the ditch came to an end. The orchard continued. It was only broken by a concrete road running perpendicularly to my direction of march.

Probably, that is the highroad Nagybánya-Szatmárnémeti — thought.

Slightly on the left, a house stood. Above its door, an incandescent bulb was on, illumining the fenceless courtyard and the footpath as well. Came

to a halt.

I should keep out of my way the light — thought.

Looked to the right. The fence stretched into the orchard in the form and length of a rectangle. The terrain so intercepted was overgrown with grass.

I have to make one more last attempt! — decided.

Turned to the right. On the left side behind the fence, grave-stones looked white and gray. At the end of the projection, hung up the bag on a stake. With both hands, clutched another on the top, fastened the right sole to its part covered with the wire netting, and with the left foot tried reaching its upper edge. Either slid down, or my spring proved to be insufficiently strong.

I have no choice — was thinking — but to pass in front of the house.

With accelerated steps, went on the footpath. I was suffused by the bloom of the incandescent filament. Not so much the light, as my visibility disturbed me. There commenced to bark the watch-dog. Marched on unchanged. On the other side of the highroad, a similar wire-netting fence ran. Above it, there loomed tree crowns more spreading.

Obviously, behind the railroad, i saw the other edge of this orchard — thought. … Before trying to climb into it, have to remove myself from the house in order to mislead the possible house sensor of the “hydra”.

Reaching the road, looked asunder. No headlight was visible. Gravitating to the right, crossed it. The fence proved to be lower than on the mountain-slope.

It is easily climbable — thought.

The dog did not cease to bark. The door of the house audibly opened. Looked behind. A woman person stood on the threshold. I felt her look on me.

This is how the things are — thought. … I have done my best to avoid it.

Marched on undisturbedly. She said nothing. The door shut. Looked ahead on the fence. Its end was not visible.

It seems — was thinking — that more on the back it is somewhat lower.

Turned back, and obliquely let myself down on the slope of the embankment. On the place seeming to be the most suitable, climbed the fence.

With rapid steps, removed myself from the road. On both sides, rows of trees guided me on the horizontal terrain overgrown with grass. They were visible dimmer and dimmer.

From the dark, a fence viewed. It was rather high. Behind it, the embankment of the railroad loomed.

I am not far from my rucksack any longer — thought, rejoicing. … Have to look for a place suitable for climbing out!

On the left, a high thick vegetation was visible. Beside it, a lane led. Went on it. It commenced to descend, more and more steeply. A gurgling struck my ear.

It is a suspicious place — thought. … Away from here!

Turned back. Passing over the vegetation, approached the fence. Fixed my eyes on the wire netting. A hole viewed on it.

The fruit thieves are useful for me — thought. … This is the intersection of the paths of their misappropriation and of my illegal frontier crossing … But i do not need to misappropriate fruits to be able to illegally cross the frontier, as they also do not need to illegally cross the frontier to be able to misappropriate fruits.

Slipped through it. Climbed up the embankment. Halted. Did not see hardly anything though, looked round.

As if the lane running out of the ranch had been on the right — thought. … I may need the hole backwards as well … Must make a mental note of its place!

Swung to the left, and counting the ties, started on them. The thick vegetation broke through. It rose much above the railroad.

It is observable from the foot of the embankment as well — thought. … From here, i shall be able to easily find the hole … It is not probable that a mistakably similar formation still be in the orchard.

Let myself down to the meadow. Turned to the left.

Recognized the small concrete bridge. Rejoiced. Felt as a child without his parents. Passed through under it, and turned to the left.

Reaching the shrub, crouched down, and fumbling reached in under it with a mild excitement. My hand perceived the foil, below it with the rucksack. A warmly stroking happiness filled me.

Modifying my plan was not enough yet for successfully continuing my illegal fleeing attempt. Without the sleeping-bag and the numerous, more or less warm articles of clothing, it would have been unimaginable to spend the cold nights of october under the stars. My rucksack fulfilled not only the role of companion, but also that of protector. Carried it under the bridge.

Now, already i must just get back to the forest — was thinking — and my way towards the frontier shall be free!

Exchanged the sports shoes with the sports shoes for heavy wear, as well as the balloon-fabric pants with the dark blue overalls. Repacked the newly-bought foodstuffs. Took off the overcoat, and along with the others, stuffed it into the rucksack. My trunk was shielded by the lined waistcoat

having camouflaging colors and the khaki pull-over. Because of the greater efforts to happen, was not afraid of the cold. Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and started back.

In the interest of a sure and safe cutting across of the horizontal orchard, i will follow the same path! — thought. … Could march on the rubbled road as well, but there is no reason for risking a meeting with a human or a vehicle … On the footpath, cannot climb the mountain, as they could observe me from the house again, and then would be more suspicious … In its neighborhood, will try climbing into the orchard on the mountain-slope!

Marched under the embankment. Passed by a sparse reedy stretch. In front of me in the distance, there shimmered two headlights on the railroad. They came nearer at a visibly and audibly high speed. In haste, turned round, entered among the reeds, and lay down.

The bloom and the rattle of the locomotive, as well as the quaking of the soil became more and more intense. It seemed that it was racing along exactly in my direction, as if it had been about to sweep me down from the surface of the earth. The sudden end of the light and the abatement of the vibrations indicated that it had rolled away by me.

It was merely a locomotive — established. … Probably, the “hydra” had the railroad controlled … It has spotted me or not, i have to reach the forest anyway.

On the entire surface of the sky, stars twinkled. The moon was up as well. Recognized the dense vegetation. Climbed up between the tracks.

There viewed the hole. Let myself down from the embankment. Took off the rucksack, and put it through it. Slipped into the orchard.

Getting farther and farther inside, a mild terror thrilled me, because i suspected securists[27] hidden between the rows and behind the trees. Ceaselessly drawing nearer, they continuously renewed my feeling. At the same time, the proving peaceful of the trees and rows left behind hushed my spiritual storm with a pleasant delusion.

The rustle of a vehicle gliding on the highroad struck my ear. From time to time, it occurred again. Playing of dim beams of light accompanied them among the fruit trees. There broke through the embankment. My fear subsided.

It is not good — was thinking — to climb out here, as they could control the highroad as well … I have to reach the rubbled lane!

Turned to the left. A wire netting appeared in front of me. The rubbled

27 It is a literal adaptation of the word of the everyday romanian language “securist” meaning “member of the Securitate”.

lane ran behind it. Took off the rucksack, put it over the fence, and climbed it.

Let myself down into the ditch. It was relatively deep. Grass overgrew it. On its other side, lay on the belly, and like a soldier in the trench waited for the stillness and the dark to conquer the surroundings.

If here i cannot climb into — was thinking — then marching on this side will try farther.

Seized the rucksack, and climbed out of the ditch. In double quick, approached the road. Looked to the left and right. Saw no vehicle light. Crossed it running. The fence proved to be similarly high as on the mountain-slope.

It is climbable — thought.

Let the rucksack behind it. Put my hands on the top of a stake, and looked to the right. In the distance, a pair of light points shimmered. Set off back towards the ditch in double quick.

It may be — was thinking — that i exaggerate, but it was already proved several times that in relation to my safety it is difficult to settle upper limits, that nothing is much that i do for my safety … This surplus expenditure of time and effort is the price of my natural liberty, and preconditions of the achievement of my social liberty.

With my hands on a stake, darted upon escalating the fence. Mounted upon the wire netting. Was unsteady on my legs. Shilly-shallied between the possibilities of leaping back and falling into. With a rapid movement, raised my left foot, carried it over the barbed wires, and swinging away to the right, from inside placed it next to the other. Drew my right foot over as well, and jumped down on the soil of the orchard.

Snatched up the rucksack, and penetrated farther in with a few meters. Lifted it on to my back. Began climbing.

The slope ascended in a changing angle. Since the beginning of my illegal fleeing attempt, my rucksack was the heaviest at this time. I was tired and the sleep commenced to stole over me as well. Advanced slowly and with difficulty.

On a steeper sector, was constrained to halt. Sinking, sat down on the grass. The trees stood more sparsely around me. The moon shone on the ground. Looked at my watch: it was towards 1 hours. Reclined my head on the knees, and closed my eyes.

With my entire body, began to feel the pinching cold of the night. Stood up, and climbed on.

Got to the top. The orchard continued leniently descending. In my direction of march at around 100 meters, there loomed a dark darker than the dark of the sky.

The forest! — thought, rejoicing.

Approaching the immense trees, a wire netting blocked my way.

The fence! — thought. … It is rather high … But it is good that it has no barbed wires … Tomorrow, will climb it!

Turned back. Slightly removed myself from the fence. Disposed my sleeping-place under a fruit tree.

4. Across the Guttin Mountains

The crowns of the spreading trees reached down above the fence as far as an accessible height. The upper part of the wire netting bent horizontal on a short section. Placed the rucksack on it, and taking hold of the branches, climbed out of the orchard.

Unusually high trees having thick boles formed the forest. Its fringe was visible. Started on towards it. The soil was covered by a thick layer of leaf-litter. An opening unfolded itself gradually in front of me. After it in every direction, a forest lay as far as my sky-line.

What direction shall i adopt? — raised the question to myself. … Could let myself guided by the valley, because the mountains stretch as far as Színérváralja … But considering that the sub-sections Színérváralja-Újváros[28] and Újváros-Kányaháza[29] of the route section to be done marching are of a north-southward direction, have the possibility to make my way shorter by advancing towards a point being north of Színérváralja.

Took out the compass, and looked at it. The relief appeared to be the lowest roughly in the north-west. Called the map to my mind.

Színérváralja is slightly north of the westward direction — thought. … Marching to the north-west, i would attain the line Színérváralja-Kányaháza somewhere on its upper part … So, the north-westward direction suits my interest … It seems that the south-western part of the Guttin is cuttable across without special difficulties.

Started on. Had bought the compass in the jumble-market in Marosvásárhely for 50 lei. It had to replace that confiscated after my second illegal fleeing attempt. It decorated a key-ring though, had bought it

28 Read approximately: 'u:yva:roʃ. In the romanian language: Oraşu Nou. Village in a straight line at around 20 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

29 Read approximately: 'ka:nyɔha:zɔ. In the romanian language: Călineşti-Oaş. Village in a straight line at around 15 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

exclusively for orientation. Had laced it with a string, and wore it hung on my neck under the shirt-collar. It consisted of a black ball floating in a colorless liquid in a colorless plastic sphere. On it, the northward direction was showed by an arrow traced with a green paint containing a phosphorescent substance.

The forest did not prove to be all-high. Traversed smaller and larger openings, grassy terrain sections sparsely overgrown with trees. Often saw humans gathering chestnuts. The slopes were unusually long. Reaching places providing larger views, it seemed that could keep on the north-westward direction.

The mountains became higher, their slopes steeper. Advanced with more and more difficulty. Getting to accident-perilous terrains, i was under the necessity of deviating from my pointed-out direction of march, in most cases roughly in a west-north-western, but at times quite in a westward direction. My equipment included a whistle as well, by the help of which had to transmit SOS signals in case of a wound impeding my proceeding. The forest had already dominated the tract almost entirely.

In the west, the mountains became efficiently and safely impassable.

The terrain proves to be unexpectedly difficult — established. … The best thing to do is if i turn to the south, and let myself down as far as such a level on which shall be able to easier march on!

Houses viewed, blocking my southern way.

Cannot descend on — thought. … It seems that the villages situated in the valley stretch as far up as the mountains and make impassible the marching on a lower level … Am under the necessity of proceeding on that steep slope thickly overgrown with small pines!

Bent my steps to the north-west on the high, almost horizontal terrain of a leafy forest. Pricking up the ears to an unaccustomed noise, looked to the right. On his shoulder, a person dragged a bundle of timbers. He wore rural clothes, on his head he had a worn felt hat. Our paths crossed each other.

The meeting is not evitable any longer — thought.

Approaching each other at around 20 meters, he looked at me, seemingly got frightened, but did not halt.

“Good afternoon,” said i, in the romanian language.

“Good afternoon,” returned he my greeting, seemingly relaxing. “… I thought that you were the forest officer.”

“No,” said i, in a reassuring tone. “I am a tourist.”

Obviously, the khaki of my pull-over and rucksack, as well as the cam-

ouflaging varicoloredness of my waistcoat caused in him the image of a forest officer — thought.

Owing to the physical condition gained in my early youth by my activity of handball player and renewed during the first days of the illegal fleeing attempt, kept the pace. At the same time, the nourishment with foodstuffs of high caloric value also contributed to this. After having the bread run out, ate biscuit or milk bar in the morning and in the evening. At noon, stirred a pulp from milk powder and sugar with water.

After two days, already expected to reach the western perimeter of the mountains. But in vain. As got to a crest, either a newer mountain emerged, or the forest made my way without prospects. Clambering on a slope around 45 degrees, fiercely struggled with the thick of young growths and tangles of runners.

My corporal and spiritual force, help me! — thought. … Under such circumstances, a religious human would say: “My God, help me!” … So, it is clear that what he or she believes to be an all-knowing and all-powerful being outside of and above the humans, that in reality only exists in his or her mind as a fictive human state, the state of omniscience and omnipotence, which the human desires, for which he or she plans, works and strives, to which he or she devotes himself or herself, towards which he or she draws near in the course of his or her development, but which he or she can never reach … Without knowing it, for this state the human believing in “God” bows down, kneels down, throws himself or herself down, prays, begs, yearns … He or she does not know that this state does not exist, and cannot exist. Therefore, he or she personifies it in the shape of his or her “God”… He or she does not know that he himself or she herself draws near to this state, that that what he or she names “God”, assumes shape in him himself or her herself, and merely in the human can assume shape. Therefore, he or she imagines it outside of himself or herself and of the human … He or she does not know that to whom he or she prays, cannot do more for what he or she prays as much as he himself or she herself and the human can do. Therefore, he or she continues praying … He or she does not know that the secret political organization of his or her ethnic group, people or nation, which under the given historical and social conditions can be considered as being omniscient and omnipotent, acts over him or her for a “god” in the background, practically identifying itself with the object of his or her faith, with what he or she calls “god”, with the state of omniscience and omnipotence, by so doing manipulating him or her also by virtue of his or her faith. Therefore, he or she remains religious … He or she does not know that the more he or she believes in what he or she calls “god”, the more time he or she finds for it, and the more he or she ex-

pects for it, the farther he or she gets from it, the less he or she knows it, the less he or she believes in it. Therefore, he or she continues believing … He or she does not know that the human, who day after day enlarges his or her knowledge and becomes with more means, who believes only in himself or herself, in the human, day after day discovers what he, the religious human calls “god”, day after day he or she gets nearer to that fictive human of a not presumed, but yearned capacity who through his or her omniscience and omnipotence could all of a sudden change this world, the this-world, could all of a sudden create a new world, the new-world. Therefore, he or she waits for the redeemer … But the supplication is in vain, because the “god” does not help … It does not help, cannot help, because it does not exist … Only i can help myself … This supplication addressed to myself comes in useful to me so much that helping myself shall be able to discover such capacities in me which have not even presumed formerly … So, by getting acquainted with myself and by using my capacities, get nearer to the crest, to the frontier, to the other-world of Austria, to the new-world, to its creator, to what the believing humans name “god” … But know that am far from it, infinitely far … As the “god”, i would have known that my “friend” was in Nagybánya, and could have avoided the meeting with him; as the “god”, could fly over the mountains, valleys and plains, states and frontiers, towards the chosen other-world; as the “god”, should not flee, as could create the new-world here as well, and everywhere, could redeem the world, in order for it to be the “heaven, garden of Eden, paradise or nirvana”.

The noise of an airplane struck my ear. Wriggled in under an offshoot. From among its branches, watched the sky. It viewed from the contrary direction. Its form resembled that seen from under the walnut tree, only its bright color glittered in the sunlight. It flew high. Waited for it to vanish under my high sky-line.

On the fourth day, the dark befell on me in a spruce-plantation. Spread out the foils and the sleeping-bag on the thick pine-needle carpet among the short trees. Brushed my teeth. Under the overalls, on the thinner underpants put on a pair of thicker ones, a jeans, and another sports pants. Substituted the shoes for thick woolen socks. On the waistcoat, drew on a thick woolen pull-over, the upper sports coat, a woolen cardigan, the jacket, and finally the overcoat. Put on the knitted woolen cap. Slipped in the rucksack. Drew the two hoods on my head. Only my face perceived the mildly crispy cold air.

In the morning, getting out of a roughly horizontal deciduous wood, halted, and looked round. In the west, a plain lay, farther on the south, the

edge of a village was visible. A feeling of joy filled me.

Would it be Színérváralja? — raised the question to myself.

In the north-west, there dominated the region a mountain suddenly standing out of the flat terrain. It was striking the lack of transition between the two opposite forms of relief. On its crest, a wood formed by huge trees was visible.

I have to climb it in order to hold a reconnoitering! — thought. … If behind it there are no mountains in the north-west any longer, then have cut across the Guttin!

The steep slope of the mountain was sparsely overgrown with grass. Getting to the crest, marched onwards on its bleak terrain without resting. From the west, a plain viewed. From behind the wood, a leniently descending slope became visible. Already looked to the north, but a mountain was not seen on my sky-line yet.

I have cut across it!

5. Is the idea of the nightly march practicable?

It was already the fifth day that i had darted upon cutting across the south-western part of the Guttin Mountains. It required efforts above the average and surpassing my former experiences. Many times, there occurred to me the impression that defied myself. But knew that there was no alternative to the safe continuation of my illegal fleeing attempt. Persevered. The greater satisfaction and joy i felt, when saw in front of me the plain on which should have begun my march towards the frontier in conformity with my original plan.

With regard to the need of assessing the length of the ways done and remaining as far as the intermediate targets, during drawing up my plan there arose the question of shaping up an orientation system. According to my map, from the flatland preceding the frontier, in some places an isolated small hill-country stood out each. Selected them for elements of my orientation system of the part of route to be done marching in the romanian communist state.

In the distance, there was visible the first hill-country, that beside Újváros. In a northward direction, the top leniently descended parallel with the wood side.

The most quickly and the most safely, i can march on by the forest — thought.

From the north, a small airplane emerged in the sky. In double quick, took shelter among the trees.

Its sound having died down, started on. Advanced on a narrow grassy stripe. On the left side, sometimes shrubberies, sometimes maize-fields screened the plain. Did not see a human. Houses did not view either. Getting farther and farther down, the high trees were gradually replaced by shorter ones, mainly by acacias.

Reached the northern end of the wood. A glen unfolded itself in front of me. It stretched to the right and left unsurveyably. Below, it was thickly overgrown with small trees.

I have no choice, but to cut it through — thought.

Let myself down on the steep grassy slope. Went into the wood belt. Its partly leaf-littery terrain wildly descended as well. Got down into the bottom sliding.

The lower part of the other slope proved to be almost vertical. Darted upon its escalating repeatedly, but every time slid back.

The lower branches of the trees somewhat reached down. Lifted my right hand, and capering caught one. Pulled it on several times. It did not break. Making use of it cord-likely, clambered out of the deep.

Marched beside the young growth on the leniently descending terrain. Reaching its northern fringe, halted. Slightly on the left in the distance, there lay the hill-country neighboring Kányaháza. The plain was partly not visible because of the higher terrain being in front of me. Újváros had also vanished somewhere behind it. It was mostly overgrown with grass. In some places, withered sunflower stems formed small plots on it.

As far as the hill-country, there are no screening possibilities — established. … For this reason, i should not show myself on the flat tract in the day-time … Am far from the frontier though, and this is not like the romanian-yugoslav one, but with regard to my spotting in Nagybánya there is the possibility of the controlling of the “hydra” here as well … As last year cut across the valley of the Cernovec[30] in the night, why could not do that with the valley in front of me as well?! … At the foot of the hill, will put up for the night, then in the morning will continue my way under their cover.

Took out the compass. Fixed the direction to be followed in the night. It was of around north-north-western. Entered the young growth. It was covered by leaf-litter. Put down the rucksack. Undid the sleeping-bag, spread it out, and lay down.

With the exception of my first illegal fleeing attempt, i had left

30 Read approximately: 'tsernovets. In the romanian language: Ciornovăţ.

Marosvásárhely in the night, mostly on a known knobby forest-clad terrain. In my second illegal-fleeing plan, the nightly march figured twice: subsequently to leaving my home, as well as Resicabánya. Because of the unknown hilly terrain, could not apply either part of plan. During my third illegal fleeing attempt, according to my plan, in the night preceding the frontier crossing cut across the valley of the Cernovec, and approached the frontier marching on forest-paths on a hill-country.

Could have reached Újváros by train as well, first on the Nagybánya-Szatmárnémeti, afterwards on the Szatmárnémeti-Bikszád[31] railroad line. But considering that the services running and the stations being in the vicinity of the romanian-hungarian frontier were controlled by the frontier guards, could not make the best of this possibility.

According to my plan, had to keep out of my way the localities because of the peril of identifying and squealing. According to the experiences of my companions in distress, the day-time advance was not safe on the relatively flat terrains either. During the second and third illegal fleeing attempts, had drawn near to the planned place of crossing the romanian-yugoslav frontier on a high-hilly, partly forest-clad terrain. Even if at times passed by houses, they were secluded and isolated. For this reason, could advance in safety in the day-time as well. Albeit on the other part, before the planned zone of crossing the romanian-soviet frontier the tract was for the most part formed by plain, with regard to the presumed relative unguardedness of this frontier, in conformity with my original plan could march in the day-time on the flat terrain as well. The one hill-country adjacent to Újváros and Kányaháza each established the first two sub-sections of north-southward direction of the route section to be done on foot, and the hill-country being in the neighborhood of Kisgérce[32] and the two ones being in the neighborhood of Batarcs[33] established the further three sub-sections of roughly north-westward direction. The last hill-country was traversed by the romanian-soviet frontier.

In order that in case of my catching be able to keep back both the carried-out and remaining parts of my plan, i did not take along maps, and did not make an abstract of data from them either. Memorized every necessary information. In addition, prepared such misleading routes, about which had to avow in my statement.

On growing dark, did my packing. Went out of the young growth. Lifted on the rucksack to my back. With the little pocket-lamp, activated

31 Read approximately: 'biksaːd. In the romanian language: Bixad. Village in a straight line at around 7 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

32 Read approximately: 'kiʃge:rtse. In the romanian language: Gherţa Mică. Village in a straight line at around 12 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

33 Read approximately: 'bɔtɔrtʃ. In the romanian language: Bătarci. Village in a straight line at around 3 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

the compass. Started on.

About the terrain in front of me, only knew that it was woodless and mostly horizontal. Did not like the nightly march in the unknown, but needed it. In spite of the uncertainties, was determined.

The slope leniently descended. Passed by a few sunflower plots. Having crossed a country lane, my soles and eyes perceived grass. Fruit-trees loomed through. A wire-netting fence obstructed me. It was not so much high, as the one experienced letting myself down on the slope of the Guttin.

I must inspect — was thinking — whether can go round it, or shall find a more suitable place for the penetration!

Turned to the right. It commenced to descend. The fence continued on without interruption, its character did not change. Down in the valley, there appeared small shining squares in frames darker than the darkness.

Houses — thought. … I will not draw near to them on!

Turned back.

Drew ahead of the point of approach of the fence. It henceforward remained unchanged. Did not seem to cease.

I have no choice — was thinking — but to climb it.

Halted, took off the rucksack, and put it in the orchard. With the method already tried, climbed in easily. The trees were set in order roughly in a northward direction. Proceeded on my way between two rows on the grass.

It increasingly descended. At the end of the rows, the foot of the hill struck my eyes. After the fence, a plowed terrain of an unsurveyable extension unfolded itself in front of me. On the left, it slightly ascended. On the right, a vegetation stripe showed black. It vanished in the darkness approximately in my direction of march.

I would not like to grope about on the furrows — thought. … Can go the plow-land round?

Having approached the vegetation, halted. Around one meter and a half high, reeds and shrubberies formed it very thickly. Its opposite edge was not visible.

A water flowing does not sound though — was thinking — probably it is the flood area of a brook.

Its bank was constituted by a narrow grassy stripe. Turned to the left on it.

Bending to the left, the thicket commenced to become sparse, afterwards it disappeared. Cautiously, i turned to the right. The mostly grassy

soil proved to be marshy. With the feet, felt my way after dry spots. Stepped it over. The terrain commenced to ascend. After my first horizontal step, the sole perceived soft earth.

A harrowed plow-land follows — thought.

Looked up. Slightly on the right, a light-bulb broke the omnipotence of the darkness. It illuminated a house dimly. Turned slightly to the left in order not to draw nearer to it. Marched on with the greatest and most rapid steps possible.

As if i were on a large plowed stripe — thought. … If in the day-time the the "hydra" had it controlled, it could easily have it established the fact of my stepping here and my direction of march … It would like me to leave such tracks on the plowed stripe of the frontier guards!

Got to a concrete road. Looked to the left and right. It seemed to be empty. It ran by the house. Crossed it, and on its embankment let myself down. Took up my planned direction of march. Proceeded on a grassy terrain.

I am around in line with Újváros — thought.

Looked to the left. No point of light was visible. A high embankment intersected my way.

This must be the railroad line Szatmárnémeti-Bikszád — thought.

Clambering up, the rails loomed through. On the other side, the meadow continued. Its terrain faded in the darkness. Above it, the sky scarcely grizzled. The moon was not visible. From behind the clouds, not one of the stars came forward. From time to time, adjusted my direction of march.

Saw almost nothing, heard nothing. Was caused by a feeling of nothingness. Only the touch and rustle of the grassy soil through my soles, of the air inhaled and exhaled through my nose and mouth made me feel that i existed. Had lost my sense of time and space. Only the regularly iterative movement of my legs meant the progress of the time, indicating that the space was contracting in front of me, and dilating behind me.

Slightly from the right, a dike broke through. Climbed it up. A lighter streak around 5 meters wide referred to a river.[34] It ran roughly to the west. Recalled in my memory the corresponding map section.

Not far away, it must meet the concrete road running out of Újváros to the north — thought. … For this reason, it is needless to cross it.

On its even top, turned to the left. Forced the pace. On the right side, the surface of the water mirrored the gray of the sky.

The hand-rail of the bridge became discernible. Its traffic seemed to be

34 To the Tálna. [Read approximately: 'ta:lnɔ. In the romanian language: Talna.] [9]

non-existent. Went across over the river. Turning to the left, let myself down from the embankment of the road. Got down to a maize-field. Its other edge was visible. Pushing aside its withered plants ceaselessly, rustled through it.

A ditch blocked my way. It was overgrown with grass. On its bottom, water loomed. Put down the rucksack. Took out the plastic mug and bottle. Let myself down on its slope. Crouched down, ladled from it a little, and tasted it. It was good. Drank. Complemented my water supply. Climbed back. Sat down to rest.

Marched on a harrowed plow-land. Its terrain commenced to ascend. Rejoiced.

At last, i have reached the foot of the hill-country! — thought.

On the top, slightly from the left, a cabin loomed through. I turned off with around 45 degrees. The plow-land came to an end. On the right, an acacia grove lay.

Not an inch farther! — thought. … It seems that my idea relative to the nightly march shall prove good.

Came out of my sleep to a soft rain. It was still dark. Got up, took out the two foils, and spread them on the sleeping-bag.

In the morning, curiously examined the tract. A wood was not visible. On the left, a plow-ground lay. The acacia grove stretched at a great length roughly in a northward direction on the leniently ascending slope. Started on beside it.

According to my plan, marching to the north had to attain the lake Kánya[35] situated at the northern foot of the hill-country. This geographical unit was a turning-point on my route, because it constituted and indicated the end of my northward direction of march and the commencement of the roughly north-westward one.

Got to the top. In a place suitable for reconnoitering, sat down, and took out biscuit.

All round, there spread largely bare hills. In my planned direction of march, a weedy agricultural field. On the following slope, an orchard was visible from below up to my sky-line. On the right and left, in some places, secluded cabins stood lower or higher. The sky was completely cloudy. It was drizzling. The dreary vegetal biosphere in the course of perishing, the bad weather depressed and filled me with pessimism. The state, which i was fleeing, and the state, to which was drawing nearer, brought about similar spiritual effects in me.

35 Read approximately: 'ka:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Lacul Călineşti. [2]

The nature is in tune with the national secret policy of the “hydra” — thought. … It is wanting the attraction, which i expect at least from the relief, flora and weather here in the romanian communist state … How different were the hilarious nature in Bánság[36] about to revive and the fair weather in the early spring of 1987 … Then, high spirits and optimism characterized me … It was a simple concurrence of happenings that then proceeded just towards the yugoslav communist state believed and considered by me to be the other-world of liberty and new-world.

Perceived that the fence of the orchard was not continuous. Turned slightly to the right, towards its nearest open section.

Penetrated among the trees. They proved to be old and without fruits. Yet, on some of them, small apples showed red.

I do not have to be afraid of guards — thought.

Drawing near to the top in my planned direction of march, on the right side there emerged a wooden building. A rubbled lane ran from it, and in front of me it bent off to the north in a right angle. From the right, a cart came on it. At the bole of the first tree, i halted.

The cart vanishing from sight, i started on. From the left, buildings broke through. Did not see a human.

It is not good to continue my way among the fruit-trees — thought.

Went on the lane. It led towards a wooded high hill. Beside its curve in the form of an S, a wooden house stood. A person came out of it. He wore a blue union suit, on his head he had a black beret. He fastened his eyes on me, and stopped on the edge of the lane. I marched on undisturbedly.

It may be — was thinking — that he observed me from inside … It is i who have to initiate the dialog in order to dispel his seeming suspicion by so doing as well!

At the time of my second illegal fleeing attempt, before the persons coming to my way had declared myself a tourist. As experienced from their reaction as well, that disguising of mine came off only partially, because of the touristic disinterestedness of the tract and the relative nearness of the romanian-yugoslav frontier rating as hot from the point of view of the illegal fleeing. Drawing a lesson from this, in the course of framing my third illegal-fleeing plan realized that it would have been more effective giving myself out for a sportsman taking part in a touristic orientation competition. This invention proved to mostly be right. Presumably, during my fourth illegal fleeing attempt this had to better prove good, considering that, as far as i knew, the romanian-soviet frontier was not made use of by

36 Read approximately: 'ba:nʃa:g. In the romanian language: Banat. It is a region in the south-western part of the romanian national state.

the frontierists.

“Good afternoon!” said i, in the romanian language.

“Good afternoon.”

He was looking at me curiously, mildly distrustfully, as if he had expected me to give an explanation for my presence there. I halted.

“Tell me, please, how could i reach the Lake Kánya?”

“It is there,” was he answering, pointing to it, “behind the hill … But what do you want to do there?!”

“You know, i am taking part in a touristic orientation competition. And the lake is on the route … Have you seen similarly equipped humans hereabouts?”

“No,” said he, somewhat uncomprehendingly.

“Thank you! … I must go, because am pushed for time! … Good-bye!”

His curiosity and suspicion tried to chain-likely keep me back though, having justified my being in the orchard, i considered it justified also shaking off his invisible shackles. The hill suddenly stood out of the horizontal terrain, dominating the area. On my right side, lines of vines followed one another. They densely showed blue from the bunches. Entered the wood.

At last, can march on safely — thought.

The medium-sized trees sparsely overgrew the steeply ascending terrain covered by leaf-litter. Keeping a northward direction, began climbing.

On the top, as contrasted with my habit, did not sit down, waiting for the braking through of the lake. But the thickness blocked my view completely. The slope descended at a great length. The sunbeams glimmered through the foliage, somewhat ameliorating my mood. Already advanced horizontally, but the wood still continued.

There viewed its fringe. Going out, a dense uliginal vegetation unfolded itself in front of me unsurveyably.

Would this be the lake?! — raised the question to myself.

Approached it. The soil among the plants proved to be hard-set.

Would its edge be dried up? — raised the question to myself. … Or would it be surrounded by such a vegetation? … However it may be, it is a fact that here the hill-country comes to an end, so have to turn to the left! … But have to keep an eye on the terrain on the right side!

Went back into the wood. Marched on roughly parallel with its fringe.

The terrain sometimes ascended, sometimes descended more or less steeply. Getting up to a ridge, from the right from among the leaves there struck my eyes a sector constituted of black mud.

Would the lake be dried up completely?! — raised the question to myself. … Probably, i am seeing its bottom.

Around 20 meters above it in front of me, the terrain undulated farther.

Under the wood, a country lane ran. In the mud, at times there appeared water stains. Then a water stripe viewed as well.

Peculiar a lake! — thought. … As if its silted-up surface were cut through by a river … I must see this formation from a shorter distance and in its entirety … Must convince myself whether see the Lake Kánya in it indeed!

Let myself down on the steep slope. The muddy area commenced on the other edge of the lane. It long stretched to the right and left.

It corresponds to the longish shape of the lake indicated on my map — established.

On the edge of the other shore, houses were set in order at approximately 500 meters. The strange decoration of their walls, the glaring colors were striking. The sunshine reflected by them only brought their peculiarity into prominence.

That is probably Kányaháza — thought. … All signs indicate that i am standing beside the “lake”.

In the background, bare mountains outlined. On the left, a tapering hill stood out of the plan. Its top and left part were clad with a wood having a brownly varicolored foliage. Took out the compass, and determined its direction: it was around north-westward.

My nightly destination — thought. … And now, i must get through to the western edge of this hill-country!

Proceeded on the lane. Under the wood, a seemingly touristic building appeared.

I have to go it round! — thought.

Turned to the left. Began climbing on the hill-slope.

Passed by behind the building. The trees became higher, their boles thicker. The muddy terrain came to an end. On its western side, a concrete road ran towards the village coming from under the wood.

This has been — was thinking — what my map indicates as a lake.

A concrete road broke through. It bent upwards from the left, passed in front of me, and vanished from sight among the trees.

Probably, this is the road — was thinking — that i saw running towards Kányaháza.

The shorter and shorter trees stood thicker and thicker. On the right, down at the foot of the hill, houses appeared at times. The gardens of some of them stretched as far up as the slope, and because of the fences breaking through from the wood had to turn to the left. Advanced with more and more difficulty. The thick gradually became a young growth. The stoop-

ings and goings round about changed into struggling and fighting.

There viewed the firmament. The sun poured out its rays on the tract unfolding itself panoramically. The tapering hill struck my eyes. On the right from it, there was situated its similarly high, but barren and longish shaped pair. Dispersedly, houses were visible on it. At its foot, a village lay.

Kisgérce — thought.

In front of me, the slope steeply descended. For the most part, rocks formed it and it was overgrown with grass. At its foot, a country lane ran. On its both sides, houses were set in order. They stretched around 200 meters to the west. Did not see a human. Between the two hill-countries, the green color dominated the flat terrain. A darker longish area indicated a wood. After the end of the village, a grassy dike ran roughly in a north-eastward direction. Only a sector of it was visible.

It is probable — was thinking — that the river bends off to the left, and flows farther behind the wood.

Other essential details were not discernible. In the south-west, the hills still continued.

In the evening, i will cut across that flatland without difficulty — thought. … Shall pass over the village? … It seems to be unpopulated … After dark, shall certainly be able to get out of it without causing sensation … Will not take up the fight with the thicket once more!

Late in the afternoon, held one more reconnoitering. Discovered nothing new. Determined the direction of the hill.

On the lane, will go out of the village — was thinking — and marching beside the dike, will cut across the flatland.

After sunset, started on. Going round about the shrubs and the rocks, let myself down step by step on the steep slope. At the foot of the hill, the young growth still continued in a stripe. At its fringe, stopped. After a narrow sector overgrown with grass, a fence followed. Looked to the right. The lane was directly accessible.

I have to wait for the nightfall! — decided.

Getting to the dark lane, turned to the left. The houses and courtyards seemed to be dead. Neither saw a light, nor observed a human, nor heard barking of dog.

The dike broke through. The lane led up on it. On its edges, hand-rails were visible. I turned to the right. The moonlight flooded the grassy slope. Next to it, a maize-field loomed behind the houses, as far as it vanished in the darkness.

Was expecting to become able to turn to the left. But the dike did not cease arching slowly to the right.

I have to cross the river! — decided.

Clambered up the dike. The surface of the water unfolded itself in front of me in a width of around 6 meters. Its gray impressed frightfully.

Rather over the bridge! — thought, and turned back.

Going over the river, turned to the right. A grassy terrain followed. Took out the compass, and took up my planned direction of march. Began to deviate from the river.

A high darkness darker than the dark became more and more distinct in front of me, stretching to the left.

The wood — thought. … I will go it round!

Deviated slightly to the right.

A dike broke through, roughly perpendicularly to my direction of march. I was surprised.

Would it not have turned off to the right after all?! — raised the question to myself. … Certainly, it meanders … See whether it shall wind to the right again!

Climbing it up, i turned to the left.

The river steadily arched towards the wood.

I have to get beyond it! — thought. … Am farther from the bridge than on the opposite bank … Cannot waste the time: will cross it!

Let myself down on the steep slope of the dike. Sat down. Took off the shoes. Put the socks into them. Thrust them in the upper part of the rucksack. Tucked up the legs of my pants. Drew up the underpants.

Stepped in the cold water. Its bottom was constituted by fine sand. Slightly sank in it. In the middle, it reached roughly to the knees. Waded through it easily.

Advancing on the dike, the river commenced to edge away. On the right, its moonlit other slope leniently arched to the right. Controlled my direction of march: it was roughly north-north-eastward.

I must take advantage in the largest measure of this possibility of quick and safe march! — thought.

Marched onwards on the smooth top of the dike. The surface of the water disappearing entirely, the uniform invisibility of the Earth planet filled me with an uneasy feeling. It was sublime to lift my look out of it, and look up to the thousands of stars twinkling above me.

New-world, heaven, garden of Eden, paradise, nirvana, or anyhow you are called, where are you? — raised the question to myself. … We desire with all our hearts: be here on the Earth! … We hope from the bottom of our hearts: you are as near to us as near we are to you … Extra-terrestrial human, who are there in the new-world! … Deliver us from the evil! … Your world come! … Terrestrial human, who are there in this-world! … Deliver yourself from the evil! … Create the new-world![37]

My attention turned to the sensations of the feet touching and treading the earth. My state of solemnity subsided. A fear descended upon me.

While my eyes are unable to deal with the requirements of this-world — was thinking — they are perceiving the reality bringing about desires for the new-world … And they are unable to distinguish a star round which a new-world planet revolves … And even if they observed one, my feet would be unable to push me away there; the most developed space ship of the present civilizations of the Earth would not be able to convey me there … That glittering reality, which my eyes make me dream of, the extra-terrestrial new-world, is inaccessible at present … This dark reality, which my soles have had me made realize, includes me, closes me in itself, seizes me, excluding even the possibility of the fleeing … Am alone on this secluded Earth planet of this secluded sun star.

With my eyes in the sky, was a slave of the new-world. With my feet on the earth, on the Earth incessantly seizing my soles, felt a captive of the reality of the darkness and of the darkness of the reality of this world. At the bottom of my heart, the celestial, cosmic brightness, in its twinkling, pureness, superiority, sublimity, present inaccessibility, seeming boundlessness simbolized the future new-world, and the earthly darkness, in its blackness filling the present, dirtiness, inferiority, lowness, experienceable restrictions and restrictedness symbolized the prison state, the prison planet, the this-world.

Oh, you, powerful ethnical and national secret political organizations of this prison this-world! — thought. … You made the humans your slaves, then your serfs, then your proletarians, then your “new humans” constructing socialism and communism … You have exploited and oppressed the humans for centuries with the purpose of conserving your life of luxury and power … In order to gratify your ambition, you sent the humans into the death of wars … You have used the humans for means of your purposes … What was the use of it?! … Your empires, kingdoms,

37 With this paragraph, i do not “pray” — as it has been interpreted and programed with their personal secret political propaganda relative to my person by the ethnical and the national secret political organizations generally, and the hungarian national secret political organization particularly, according to their interest relative to the falsification of my person and deception of humans — but it constitutes an expression of my atheist principle according to which the religion is a creation of the human consciousness and not a reflection of the existence and actions of a supernatural being.

caliphates and sultanates went down like houses of cards … Your emperors, kings, sultans or caliphs do not exist any longer or do it only as symbols … The humans were unwilling to be your slaves, and they achieved their freedom; the humans were unwilling to be your serfs, and they shook off your yoke; the humans were unwilling to be your proletarians, and they fought down the poverty; the humans are unwilling to be your "new humans" constructing socialism and communism, and they would overthrow your communist parties in free elections … What do you want more?! … Despite your anti-development purposes, will, plans and deeds, the humans develop and develop themselves, and as such they claim and take a greater and greater part of your power, they increasingly exclude your conspirational actions from the life of society … And despite all these, you obstinately use every effort behind the political scenes to restore your bygone empires, kingdoms, caliphates or sultanates … You are acting on the political stage for maintaining the existing smaller territorial expanse of your existing reign … You would trample upon even the idea of change, only in order to egoistically, for your children and grandchildren, later descendants irresponsibly, "conservatively" or "republicanly" feel conserved the luxury of your idling and orgies … You loudly champion the rights of the humans generally, and meanwhile saying nothing trample the rights of ethnic groups, peoples and societies … For you, the humans and their progress are not purposes, but possibly means only … If your purposes so require, you turn against them … In your boundless ambition, you see a vocation … You control and prepare yourselves to control the humans, in order that they labor on founding, maintaining and flourishing your imperial reign … You restrain and hinder the humans to evolve their true vocation: the cosmic expansion … Give free scope for the progress of the humans towards the new-world! … Recognize the collective political rights to the humans! … Renounce the armed force as a means of your illegitimate expansion and of wasting the wealth of society! … Not the surface of the Earth, but those of other celestial bodies be the objects of your expansion! … Unless you want to putrefy on the rubbish-heap of history! … Unless you want an asteroid or comet to put an end to not only your power, but also your physical existence!

Came to a halt, and looked at the compass. Had proceeded approximately to the north-east-east.

I am under the necessity of turning off the dike! — thought.

Swung to the left, and with cautious steps began becoming immersed in the invisible and unknown. As against the mild visibility and safety of the march on the horizontally even soil of the dike, saw nothing, and the incertitude got the best of me. It produced a mysterious and ominous effect that the river had bent to the left, while the dike to the right. Felt a cold shudder.

Advanced groping about with my feet. The soles perceived grass. It mostly overgrew a flat terrain. At times, took a long step in smaller depressions, or stumbled upon low bulges. My eyes having somewhat accustomed themselves to the new environment, from time to time on both sides faded in the dark there viewed withered or living plants higher than grass, shorter or bigger shrubs. In front of me, there remained the blackness impenetrable with the eyes.

A murmuring noise struck my ear. A chill came over me. The omens of evil portent seemed to be fulfilled.

What on earth could that be?! — raised the question to myself.

Reduced the length of my steps. Found myself on the brink of a gully. Halted short. Down, at around 3 meters deeply and 6 meters widely, a river of gray water rolled along from the right to the left. A terror overcame me.

It is at least waist-deep! — thought. … Its water is cold, the air is cold as well, its flowing is rapid, could easily fall into it … It is excluded to cross it! … I have to look for a bridge! … This is presumably the river that was visible in the middle of the muddy terrain … If not till then, on the concrete road shall certainly be able to get beyond it.

Turned to the right, and removed myself a little from it for fear that its bank should have crashed in under me.

In a sharp curve of approximately 180 degrees, it got into my way again. Examined the bed. It seemed that on the right side it was crossable. Hardly believed my eyes.

How could it become all at once shallow?! — raised the question to myself. … I must make a trial way!

Put down the rucksack. On the grass of the bank, took off the shoes, socks and the long lower apparel.

In waistcoat and bathing-pants, i started barefooted. The slope of the bed was unevenly steeply formed by bare earth. Crouched down, rested on the palms, stretched out my right foot, and groping about began letting myself down.

Cautiously stepped into the whirling water. It reached roughly to the knee. The bottom proved to be horizontally even and shaly. Stood in it with my left foot as well. Began pattering forward. Its depth did not change.

Removing myself from the bank, the impression struck me that had lost my balance. Halted. Became conscious of that my delusion was caused by the stream moving from the right to the left. Started on.

As was getting farther and farther inside, it exerted a greater and greater pressure on my feet. But i maintained my ground.

Beyond its middle, stepped down on a little deeper stage formed by

shale as well. On the following step, my sole perceived sand. The bottom descended steeply. Touching with the hand the horizontal top of the lower part of the bank, that reached around to the waist, and the water only to the thighs.

It is crossable! — established, rejoicing. … And the climbing out is not questionable either.

If i fell down — was thinking — and my upper clothing and rucksack got soaked through, at night i would freeze to the bone, and in the day-time it is not be sure that could dry them … Getting ill in the wet clothes would constitute a failure of this illegal fleeing attempt! … Shall carry over the equipment in more fragments? … The character of the bottom makes it possible decreasing the probability of falling, or at least of the falling backwards … Will not waste the time! … After all, a repeated traversing would only increase the probability of falling.

Stuffed the taken-off articles of clothing into the rucksack. Lifted it on to my back, and started off to the river.

The gurgling was replaced by an increasingly intensifying, then ear-splitting din. It raised my feeling of safety that under the surplus burden my sole better adhered to the bottom. But the current of the pouring mass of water had a contrary effect. I increased my attention and cautiousness. Advanced shuffling. Became aware of that had control over my situation. In spite of the fact, was ready at any moment that in case of slipping or losing my balance could from the front parry a falling, and by this means could protect my equipment from water. Stepped on the soft soil.

I will not fall down any longer! — thought, feeling relief.

My feet sank into the sandy mud or muddy sand in an increased measure. The water almost touched my bathing-pants already when i put my left hand on the lower bank. The bed slope blocked my way roughly vertically. Rested on the two palms, pulled out the right foot, and felt after a horizontal offset or recess. Without success. On the left, did not find one either.

I have no chance to so climb out — established.

Looking slightly to the right, turned my attention to a small willow shrub. With the right hand, held together two of its branches. Jerked them several times. They proved to be flexible and tough. Put up the left foot on the edge of the bank, and swinging with the one sunken into the sand as well, paddled out aground.

Standing on the landing-likely part of bank around one meter and a half wide, the bed wall still rose above me. My feet got sandy and muddy up to the ankles. Put down the rucksack. Untied it. Took out the shoes. Groping the shrub, plunged my gotten-dirty lower limbs into the water several times. Having relatively cleaned them, stood on the shoes. Began dressing.

The touching with the river refreshed me. So much the more because in the autumnal weather little opportunities arose for cleaning myself. My clammy skin was nipped by the cold air. Found it gratifying to feel that my dry clothes providentially soaked up the water, and closed the warm of my body. The consciousness of the crossing from self-effort filled me with joy and optimism.

Not only i can know behind me an important obstacle — was thinking — not only have crossed the widest river in the course of my illegal fleeing attempts, and not only have done this in the night. … But have no doubt whatever that can also reach the following hill-countries under the cover of the night, that my idea relative to the nightly march has proved to be good, and that only the frontier guards could already constitute the exclusive obstacles before my getting out of the romanian communist state!

Climbed out unto the upper bank. Arching to my planned direction of march, left behind the deep murmur of the river.

I hope — was thinking — this was the last water obstacle before the hill.

A ditch appeared in front of me. In its bottom, water was visible. As if it had stood. Descended on the grassy slope. Its surface was around 1 meter wide.

Because of the rucksack, cannot jump over it — thought, being indignant.

Stepped in the water holding my taken-off things in the hands. Its bottom proved to be mildly muddy, but did not bog down in it to the feet either. It was sparsely overgrown with water-plants.

A dike broke through.

At last, i can leave behind the flood area! — thought, rejoicing.

With rapid steps, climbed it up. There viewed the perimeter of a plowland. In the background, the two hills darkled. Descended turning towards the one on the left side.

The harrowed soil slackened me up. Humming of tractor struck my ear. It came slightly from the left from the distance. Looked upwards. At around 1 kilometer, two pairs of headlights were visible. They drew near to the hills. A ditch cropped up. Water was not visible in it.

I have to wait — was thinking — until they shall remove themselves from my path.

Sat down on the grass.

The lights vanished from sight in the opposite direction, but the sounds

were still heard fainting. I started on. Utilizing the advantages of the flat ground clear of obstacles, pressed forward as quick as possible. However, with its softness the earth rendered my march difficult. Mostly looked under my feet, rarely watched the terrain unfolding itself in front of me. Slightly on the right in the distance, windows of the outside houses of the village glimmered at the foot of the greater hill. The background heights were increasing perceptively.

The noise of the tractors died down. I feared that they suddenly broke through and with their long-range lamps illuminated me. At times, looked to the left, but the lights were not visible.

They could be somewhere in the south, in the vicinity of the dike — thought.

Reached a sector overgrown with grass. It proved to be slightly rough. Reduced my pace.

A ditch intersected my way roughly from the east to the west. It was densely overgrown with reeds.

Could i not cross it in shoes stepping on the vegetation? — raised the question to myself.

Let myself down on the steep grassy slope. With the right foot, drew the most possible reeds under my sole. Still before had completely pressed them down, it became evident that the water would have flooded the shoes.

There followed a maize-field. Above it, the hills already dominated the background entirely. Proceeded in my pointed-out direction of march cutting through row after row.

Got to a rubbled lane. It ran roughly parallel with the ditch. On the left, a break-down crane stood pulled aside to the right. No sign of life came from it. Proceeded on my way undisturbedly.

The grassy terrain commenced to leniently ascend. From the hill on the left side, the wood loomed through.

I will settle down on the leaf-litter! — decided.

Turned slightly to the left in order to reach it sooner. The terrain suddenly became steep.

The terrain of the wood ascended more leniently. At its fringe, disposed my sleeping-place, dressed, and reposed myself.

An intense leaf-litter rustle struck my ear.

Steps! — thought, and quickly sat up.

It was intensifying. A thrill overcame me.

It seems — was thinking — that a human is coming nearer!

Sprang up. Accelerating, they made for the fringe of the wood. Suddenly, they changed into rustles caused by animal jumps on the grass. Felt relief.

It could be a hare — thought.

Came out of the sleep to a being cold of my feet. The day was beginning to break.

What has happened?! — raised the question to myself. … I never felt cold in the sleeping-bag yet!

Sat up. Beside the wood, the grass was whitish.

There has fallen hoar-frost — established.

Lay down again, doubled up, and tried to sleep on.

My equipment contained a polyethylene sack perforated with a heated knitting needle. According to my plan, i had to pull it on the legs in case of frost. They were overcome with cold.

So i cannot sleep — thought. … And will not take out the polyethylene sack, because it is already morning.

Slipping out of the sleeping-bag, the frosty air rushed on me. Began to run in the place. My teeth chattered.

Somewhat gotten warm, took off the majority of the nightly articles of clothing. In order to endure the cold, let on me the thick woolen pull-over and the overcoat. Did my packing.

The bottle is almost empty! — occurred it to me. … I have to look for water!

Took out the mug and the bottle. Left the wood. At around 100 meters, there lay the other hill. Descended towards the bottom of a narrow valley. It ascended roughly in a northward direction from the right to the left. It was mostly overgrown with grass.

Beheld small pools and pits covered by layers of ice. Broke in some, and replenished my water supply.

Started on in the warm pull-over. Climbed on the fringe of the wood. In a general way, it was parallel with the valley. The trees stood sparsely. The terrain rather steeply ascended forward, but mainly to the left.

Got warm. According to my habit, sat down to eat. Did not loosen and take off the rucksack from my shoulder. In its left lower pocket, the daily eatable was always at hand in plastic bags. Used polyethylene bags, because the much sharper noise of the wide-spread polypropylene could have constituted a fatal sign near the frontier. Consumed a milk bar, afterwards two tea-spoonful of sugar. Finished with a few snips of water.

Proceeded on my way in the waistcoat. Did not make haste. Knew that this hill-country did not afford the possibility for a safe march of a whole day either.

In the north, the wood came to an end. The sun was shining. Got to the top. The uneven terrain was overgrown with grass, dispersedly with shrubs. Slightly on the right, down on the flatland, tiny houses were visible.

In my direction of march, a newer hill appeared. It long stretched to the west. Its wooded top constituted my sky-line roughly in a level with me. On the approaching steep slope, dog-rose bushes, other shrubs and shrubberies stood as obstacles in front of me.

Having crossed the bottom of the strait valley, began climbing the slope of the following hill. Paced on the grass among small pines standing sparsely. Went in a thick formed by deciduous trees.

Getting to the top, it proved to be a ridge. The opposite slope descended more steeply. The wood still continued on around 10 meters. Began to descend in order to become able to see out of it.

Crouched down. In the north-west, a flatland lay. Only in the far haze there was discernible a wooded high hill.

It is evident — was thinking — that i have cut across this hill-country … And now, have to look for such a place from were can better survey the north-western tract!

Climbed back to the ridge. Turning to the west, marched onwards on it horizontally in the cover of the trees.

Descending on the western slope, got out of the wood. Looked round. From the north to the south-west, a smaller hill screened my view. In the south, a relatively high top was visible. Sparsely, a young acacia grove overgrew the slope.

It seems — was thinking — that the previous hill is suitable for reconnoitering and settling as well.

Descended on turning slightly to the left.

Crossed the coat of green of the glen. Went in among the acacia shrubs. The terrain ascended stepwise. On the stage being nearest to the top, put down the rucksack, and started for reconnoitering. Leaving the acacia shrubs, climbed onwards on the grass.

On the highest point of the hill, i halted, and swung to the north-west.

The fourth element of my orientation system was visible as a wooded height. A mild excitement and languishment descended upon me.

From there, the frontier is only at a few hundred meters — thought.

Down, at around 100 meters from the foot of the hill, an agricultural land commenced. In a patch of its, humans gathered maize. Carts and tractors carried away the crop. From the farther part of the flatland, no essential information got to me. Turned back.

A singing-child voice struck my ear. It intensified from the east. I recognized the popular song which a few months earlier in the prison in Slobozia[38] my fellow-prisoner Gîrgavu[39] had been wont to hum. It recurred to my mind his lamentable feature and the negative memories relative to him. A chill came over me. Having passed by on the bottom of the glen, he turned to the north.

At dusk, on the south-western slope of the hill i went down to the meadow. Turned to my planned direction of march.

Reached a brook. From the left, jingling and barking sounded.

There is a flock of sheep in the vicinity! — concluded. … Away from here!

Turned back. Got to a low bulge. Lay down behind it. Waited watching the terrain.

On the other bank from the left, a white shepherd dog appeared. He walked in front of me scenting. Disappeared behind the shrubs and small willows.

A dead silence conquered the surroundings. Proceeded on my way. The water of the brook softly flowed slowly from the right to the left. Its surface stood near to the level of the terrain. However, its width of around 2 meters excluded the possibility of my stepping over it.

I have to cross it! — thought.

A plow-land followed. The moon was shining. Saw to such an extent that could pace or jump from one furrow to the other. At times, they crashed in under my feet, or i had to step down from them. At such times, my shoes regularly got among clods, and bits of earth broke into them.

A dike viewed. Recalling my experiences of the previous evening, a chill came over me. Behind it, at around 6 meters, its pair cropped up. Felt relief. After it, a maize-field loomed. The river was overgrown with reeds on its entire width and surveyable length.

38 Read approximately: slobo 'ziʌ.
39 Read approximately: gɨr 'gʌvu.

Did not step among the reeds, but with a view to avoid the mud and to decrease the depth, trod them down, so that they got in my way perpendicularly to the direction of march. My feet submerged in the water on the thick living carpet so come into being. In the middle, it did not reach to the knees either. Stepped out onto the grass of the dike with clean feet.

The perimeter of the maize-field was cut in a width of a combine-harvester. Big, mostly living plants formed it very densely.

I should go round them — thought.

Turned to the right. On the left side, a new cut stripe appeared. Controlled its direction. It did not differ essentially from my planned direction of march. Turned to it.

At the end of the stripe, slightly on the right a country lane emerged. It led roughly to the north. I left the maize-field, and proceeded on my way on it. From the darkness, the contours of the hill had already separated.

There appeared in front of me a rubbled lane of roughly east-westward direction. On its other side, a deep ditch ran. At around 50 meters, the foot of the hill darkled.

It is safer to leave the artificial terrain — thought.

Cautiously, let myself down into the ditch. Climbed out of it. On the horizontal grassy terrain, turned to the left.

Slightly on the right, from the foot of the approaching hill a wood viewed. I instinctively turned towards it. Went in among the sprout trees. They stood sparsely. Among them the soil was overgrown with fat grass.

It is an ideal place for spending the night — thought. … I will go a little farther up in order to remove myself from the fringe![40]

40 At that time, i was already in the frontier zone. The law defined the stripe of the frontier guards, which was constituted by a stripe spreading from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 20 meters, and in which the frontier guards had the right to move, to set up outposts, and to fix up devices of frontier defense. “The employees of the socialist organizations or the members of the co-operative farms” could only enter the stripe of the frontier guards in order to perform certain works and only with the authorization of the commanding officer of the competent frontier-guard outfit. The persons arriving at the localities of the frontier zone were obliged to present themselves at the militia within 24 hours to report the planned period of their stay. In the daytime, only those persons were allowed to stay in the vacant parts of the frontier zone who took part in works, and were able to certify that their domicile was in the frontier zone being near the place of the works, or that they were registered at the organs of the militia, or that they were employees of an enterprise in the frontier zone. At night, one was allowed to move with or without vehicles of transport from the frontier line inwards as far as the depth of 2 kilometers only in the public roads marked out by the authorities, and staying in the vacant lots without authorization was prohibited. From the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 50 meters, one might not have planted high agricultural plants. In addition, from the stripe of the frontier guards inward as far as the depth of 500 meters, building sheepfolds and hunting were forbid-

In the morning, started on with an increased cautiousness, interest and excitement. Knew that was on the last hill-country that exclusively lay in the romanian communist state, and that this was separated from the following one by only a little valley.

The wood became sparser and sparser. The sprout trees were slowly replaced by boled trees. Advanced sometimes upwards, sometimes downwards.

After having climbed a steep slope, i got to the top. Crossed a well beaten, wide footpath. Began descending.

Beheld the fringe of the wood. Forced the pace. Reaching it, sat down, and took under examination the terrain.[41]

I was in the vicinity of the middle of the hill-slope. In front, in the north-west, a wooded high hill dominated the tract. Its apparent top long ran roughly in a north-eastward direction. Down in the valley, a lane was visible. It ran from the right to the left, then arching to the right, vanished behind other terrain units. Knew it from my map that it was non-modernized. On its other side in front of me and on the right, houses lay.[42]

den. The grazing ground of the animals could range in the day-time as far as the stripe of the frontier guards, and at night from it at least to the depth of 500 meters. [5]

41 On the right side of the inserted photo, on 6 august 2019 at 14 hours and 6 minutes or thereabouts, it is visible the hill, top, wood and its fringe, which i had touched on 18 october 1989.

42 With the inserted photo and that of the front cover, on 6 august 2019 at 12 hours and 16, and respectively 18 minutes or thereabouts, on the side of the hill and fringe of the wood at issue, at most a few ten meters from the respective place of my illegal-fleeing path, i visually reconstructed those seen on 18 october 1989 in the morning. At that time, the willow stripe meandering in the valley did not exist.

Probably, they belong to Batarcs — thought.[43] … It is evident that i have reached the perimeter of the hill-country … The other one partly appertains to the soviet communist state.

On the left, a flatland lay. On it, a grove was visible. A meadow overgrown with high grass surrounded it. On the right of it, at the foot of the opposite hill, beheld a frontier-guard watch-tower. Around 1 kilometer separated me from it. As opposed to the ones experienced on the bank of the Berettyó[44] and on the hills of Versec, it seemed to be inoffensive, as it stood beside the romanian-soviet frontier considered to be less guarded, down on the flatland, and relatively far from my planned route.[45]

On its way downhill, the frontier reaches the flatland somewhere there — thought.

In front of me, the slope steeply descended. For the most part, it was overgrown with grass. On the hither side of the lane, cultivated patches

43 In reality, they belonged to Tamásváralja, which was not indicated on my map.

44 Read approximately: 'berettyo:. In the romanian language: Barcău.

45 On the left side of the inserted photo, the approximate place of the one-time watch-tower is visible at the foot of the hither hill in the flatland on 6 august 2019 at 12 hours and 31 minutes or thereabouts. The farther hill already completely appertained to the Soviet Union.

were visible.

In the dark, i will descend to the lane in a westward direction — was thinking — will climb the hill, repose myself, and in the morning will continue my way in the wood … And now, must look for a hiding-place!

On the top beside the footpath, there lay a thick, small wood-belt around 5 meters wide. Entered and examined it.

It is suitable — was thinking — both for settling and camouflaging.

In the course of the afternoon, i held one more reconnoitering. Down on a patch, two persons plowed with a plow drawn by oxen. From time to time, on the lane a cart, a tractor or a truck drove past.

At dusk, with the rucksack on my back i went down to the fringe of the wood, sat down, and waited for the dark to entirely make itself master of the tract.

Began descending on the grassy slope. It being steeper, paced downwards swung sideways in order to avoid falling.

The terrain became flat. A narrow maize plot viewed. Cut it through. Under the coat of grass, my soles perceived water. For seeking the relatively dry soil, had to go round about, and step or caper to the right or to the left. My shoes got wet through on a small surface. An agricultural ground followed. It was overgrown with a curious plant seemingly still green. It leniently descended.

Got down to the rubbled lane. Looked asunder. Perceived neither a vehicle, nor a human. On the other side, the fence of a house ran. Farther, it seemed to cease. Turned to the right. Above its door, an incandescent bulb was on. Its light scarcely illuminated the lane section being in front of me. Passed by it feeling secure. Leaving it, turned off the lane to the left.

The flat terrain was overgrown with grass. A fence viewed. From behind it, scattered trees loomed.

An orchard again! — thought, being indignant. … And just here beside the frontier, what is more in the village!

Looked upwards. The wire-netting ended at a height of around 2 meters, without barbed wires. Touched it with the hand. It proved to be hopelessly taut.

Here, i cannot climb into — thought. … Have to look for a suitable place!

Turned to the right. It ran parallel with the lane. After around 10 meters, it obliquely bent towards it. Its height, character and condition did not

change. Farther, it reached its edge. More farther, houses loomed.

Indeed, i am in Batarcs — thought. … It is risky to draw nearer to the lane.

Turned round. Did not take my eyes off it. Perceived no essential change. My hopes being on the point of scattering, on its portion running behind the house, there broke through a sizable artificial hole. Rejoiced.

Again the thieves have helped me — thought. … This time, it may be that they have saved me as well!

In haste, took off the rucksack, and thrust it into. Having slept through, grasped and carried it farther inside on the rich grass. Put it down. Sat down, and took it on my back. In my planned direction of march, rows of vine were within sight approximately parallel with the lane. Slightly on the right, a small house built of wood stood. No sign of life came from it. The vineyard was cut through by a steeply ascending interspace. Stood up, and started on towards it.

On the right, among shrubs there emerged the concrete stakes lime-washed white of the fence.

As if they were lacking in the wire netting — thought. … I had better go out, as inside may meet a guard!

Turned to the right. Pushed myself in the shrubbery. Its branches closely adhered to my clothing and rucksack.

Dog-rose bushes! — established. … I will not turn back!

So far as could do it, detached and cleared them away from the over-coat. With back-and-forward movements, disengaged the rucksack as well. Continued the operation more cautiously.

Struggling through, got out to a terrain overgrown with grass. Halted, and looked round. On the left, an acacia grove was visible. Down at the foot of the hill, houses loomed.

I am already up enough — established. … From here, can safely march on even in the day-time … Must look for a place suitable for sleeping!

Starting, looked asunder. Found an approximately horizontal part of terrain. Put down the rucksack, and began disposing my sleeping-place.

Turned my attention to a point of light. It moved at the foot of the hill in unforeseeable directions. At times, it appeared to come nearer. Was overcome by a mild fear.

Are they frontier guards?! — raised the question to myself. … On the lane, someone caught sight of me, squealed me, and the frontier guards set out in my search … Or it is a human going homewards … Is there a lane or a footpath somewhere beside me?

Ranged my narrower environment. Perceived only grass. Followed

with attention the point of light. It moved here and there, then vanished. Continuing disposing my sleeping-place, still looked up from time to time, but it did not appear any longer.

6. What is it like the romanian-soviet frontier?

In choosing the place of the frontier crossing, one of my requirements was to cross tracklessly. Considered this to be important in order that the authorities of the neighboring state could not have caught me, as well as in the interest of a possible later use of the gotten terrain knowledge had not to avow the exact place of the crossing. For this reason, the first time tried on a riverside, the second time in a forest, and the third time on a high, steep and forest-clad barrow. In the first case, they had made the wall of the bed perpendicular, and plowed the stripe as far as the margin of the bank. In the second case, they had built a plowed stripe in the forest formed of high trees. The trackless crossing succeeded only in the third case, when found myself in the yugoslav communist state without observing signs referring to the frontier. Used and intended to repeat this last experience by choosing the frontier section being on this hill for the place of my fourth crossing.

I had heard it from my companions in distress, and on 6 april 1987 experienced it as well that on the romanian-yugoslav frontier the plowed stripe was preceded by a fence. Was aware that it could bring to naught my illegal fleeing attempt in itself as well. For this reason, made my best in order that my planned route would not meet a fence. This ambition of mine essentially identified itself with my requirement relative to the trackless crossing. In the first case, went easily round the small fence on the edge of the riverside. In the second case, quickly slipped through among the barbed wires strained on trees. And in the third case, no kind of artificial obstacle impeded me. With regard to this latter experience, to the height and wood of the hill being under me, as well as to the considered relative unguardedness of the romanian-soviet frontier, at this time excluded the possibility of the existence of a fence.

Considered as being also an advantage of the high terrain that, being relatively hardly passable, less frontierists made use of it. For this reason, expected that on such a section the frontier guarding was softer. It was my principle originating from this that in the vicinity of the frontier undertook as much as possible natural obstacles with the purpose of avoiding the frontier guards and the means and terrain conformations of frontier guarding.

On the basis of the information gotten in the prison, the overwhelming

majority of the frontierists crossed the frontier in the night. Personally, was an adept of the day-time crossing, because judged that the advantages and disadvantages of the visibility and invisibility were reciprocal, so it was needless to take the risks of the march in the dark. This principle of mine turned out to be right at the time of my earlier three illegal fleeing attempts, and all signs referred to that it would prove good the fourth time as well.

The day was breaking. I put on the beret-likely khaki synthetic-fiber cap, and started on. Had found it in the jumble-market. Drawing ahead of the acacia grove, reached a depression directed upwards. A footpath led through it. On the other side, the orchard covered the hill-slope.[46]

I will cross it! — decided.

Looking to the left among the fruit-trees, the more extended flatland presented itself in front of me panoramically.

That reminds me of those seen from the hill beside Varadia[47] on 6 april 1987 — thought.

Drawing near to the yugoslav communist state, i was under the influence of an attraction. The first time, it attracted me as the place of riddance of many humans, as the country of liberty, the chosen other-world, the land considered by me of the new-world. The second time, there attracted me its difference in a good direction and its freer character as a way leading towards freedom, the chosen other-world and the desired new-world. On the threshold of the bolshevik state, only the unknownness of the frontier constituted some attraction. As was getting farther and farther up, felt more and more secure and increasingly freer, felt the invisible strings weaker and weaker that still fastened me to the romanian communist state.

There viewed the wood. Rejoiced. It commenced next after the orchard. It was formed by relatively big trees sparsely.

At its fringe, halted, and looked round. Did not see a human. No sign referred to the frontier or its nearness. The terrain ascended farther more steeply.

Eat! — thought, and proceeded towards the thicker part of the wood.

Climbed on in a north-westward direction. Looking up, the wood seemed to be all-high. The terrain became steeper and steeper. In some places, traprocks showed from the leaf-litter. At times, lost my foothold on the covertly stony slope.

46 On the photo of the front cover, my evening and morning path is surveyable. After having crossed the marshy terrain indicated by the willow stripe, i roughly followed its line on its left side as far as the lane. Afterwaeds, i climbed the right lower part of the hill, which is not clad with a wood, just as at that time. Conversely, since then the depression has been overgrown with trees probably as a continuation of the marshy terrain.

47 Read approximately: 'vɔrɔdiɔ. In the romanian language: Vărădia. Village in a straight line at around 6 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

It resembles the terrain of the hills of Versec — established, being satisfied. … Moreover, it is better, because it ascends ceaselessly … If the frontier ran somewhere here, then i would certainly not observe its crossing.

In the light of the successes and positive experiences of the preceding years, perceiving the steepness made me optimistic. Although knew from my map that the frontier ran on a farther part of the hills, was prepared to reach it at any moment. From time to time, cast up my eyes, and with an increased attention searched the thickness. But nothing seemed to be artificial.

The ascent of the hill-slope had diminished. Got to an almost horizontal sector. It recalled my second illegal fleeing attempt, when marching on a similar terrain, barbed wires viewed, and afterwards caught sight of the plowed stripe. But it anew commenced to ascend, without noticing any sign of the frontier.

Why does it not view yet?! — raised the question to myself, being indignant. … I may immediately get out of the wood, and am still in the romanian communist state!

The slope suddenly became steeper. In order not to do it on tiptoe, paced upwards slightly swung to the right obliquely. It recurred to my mind the similarly steep slopes of the hills of Versec and the moment following their clambering in the preceding year, when had become aware of that was in the yugoslav communist state.

I can be sure — was thinking — of that on this terrain shall not find neither a plowed stripe, nor a fence … Wish the frontier would run here!

Glancing up from time to time, nowhere perceived signs referring to it. On the right, passed by small felled-wood bundles.

These rather indicate the farness of the frontier — was thinking — as in its immediate vicinity, no one is occupied with felling trees.

Looked up to the left. At around 20 meters, on the top an acacia grove ran roughly perpendicular to my planned direction of march.

It is curious! — thought. … An acacia grove regularly runs on the fringe of the wood … Would it end just on the top?! … My map does not show like that … What is there?

Turning to the left, drew near to it approximately perpendicularly. Slightly on the right in the grass, three frontier-stones appeared. Rejoicing, turned towards them.

At last, you are here! — thought. … Well, this was not difficult … The frontierists do not make use of the romanian-soviet frontier indeed, as here there is not even a plowed stripe.

Halted next to them. They stood at the length of around a span from

one another. The smallest one rose up to half a meter, the biggest to around 1 meter. They differed in colors as well: the small one was white, the middle one natural gray, and on the big one green and red streaks alternated with one another. They were marked with the number 74.[48]

Started on. Went in the acacia grove. It lay horizontally. Searched with attention the terrain unfolding itself in front of me. The place of the grass was taken over by runners. They made my way difficult denser and denser. Lifted my feet higher in order that they could not adhere to the pants.

From behind them, perpendicularly to my direction of march, barbed wires parallel with one another broke through. They strained ascending from the right to the left on a horizontal short black beam with a square cross-section. A sound softly rumbling-whizzing-sizzling struck my ear, just like under a high-tension trunk line.

What is that?! — raised the question to myself, a chill having come over me.

The curious object keeping growing, at around 3 meters from it there appeared a similar beam. Under them, vertical black stakes with parallel barbed wires. Newer beams forming Ts with newer stakes viewed.

A fence! — established, being disconcerted. … What a fence!!

Halted. Around 3 meters deep, on the thick stakes in the form of a T, from their lower parts up to their tops, as well as both on their inner and outer, and respectively, lower and upper sides, silverly rust-proofly grizzling barbed wires strained in the same manner. Behind it, another fence ran collaterally. Its stakes, a little thinner and with a circular cross-section, kept the identically dense network of the barbed wires only on one of their sides. Their upper parts of around half a meter were inclined towards the bolshevik state. After it, the wood continued descending.

I stood being filled with consternation in front of the monstrous object not experienced up to this time. Sought, searched among my notions, but it fit into none of them. Looked to the right. It ran down on the steep hillslope uninterruptedly. Down in the distance suddenly bending to the left, it disappeared behind the wood. Took a horror.

What is this monster?! — raised the question to myself. … The symbol of the bolshevik “hydra” union, and particularly of the russian “hydra” … Probably, the expression of their dread from the possibility of the infiltration first of all of the american agents from the romanian communist state.

I was at a loss. Always had feared the fence. Had worked out my plans of frontier crossing so that could possibly exclude even its possibility. Just like in the preceding year, stood in a wood on the crest of a high hill in the belief of the fully carrying out of my plan, reversely now had found myself in front of such an artificial obstacle of which like had never seen, and

48 Pursuant to the law not known by me at that time, the frontier was constituted by the totality of the imaginary straight lines interlinking the frontier-stones. [7]

which defied my imagination. Even the idea of tracklessness vanished from my head into thin air. My crossing itself became all at once questionable. But did not even think of turning back. Neither the cropped-up monstrous object seeming to be impassable could neutralize the invisible force pushing me from behind: instinctively started on.

On my first step, the left sole touched only runners. The plants adhering to the clothing, afterwards to the rucksack somewhat checked my evolving fall.

With my feet, touched the soil. Sliding on the nearly vertical bare slope, rolling onwards on small clods, i stopped lying on the waistcoat on an almost horizontal terrain with the rucksack pillow-likely under my head.

Staggered to my feet. On the bottom of the ditch, a stripe around 2 meters wide ran. It was formed of bits of earth unevenly. Its width alternated according to the local rockiness of the soil. Next to the fence, in some places irregular flagstones were horizontally and stepwise wedged in.

In all certainty, they make it easier the climb of the frontier guards — thought.

The object overtopped me with around half a meter.

It is impossible to climb it — thought.

The barbed-wires appearing new followed one another at around 10 centimeters as far as the proximity of the surface of the earth. At a height of around 5 centimeters, one more barbed wire strained on hooks with ceramics fastened to the stakes.

Probably, it was destined for throwing difficulties in the way of digging a hole under the fence — thought.

Looked to the left. It uninterruptedly ran farther upwards on the steeply ascending terrain. At around 30 meters on the top commencing to descend, it disappeared on the other slope.

Does it hold on farther as well? — raised the question to myself.

Began climbing on the flagstones. On the section unfolding itself, it remained unchanged. Despaired.

What next — was putting the question to myself — if the frontier guards of the romanian communist state shall find me here?! … They could even shoot me! … Then, would justify their deed with that i did not stop to their summons.[49]

Observed that on the right side of a stake of the hither fence at around half a meter high, there was gaping in the opposite wiring an orifice having a surface of a size sufficient for just a wriggling through of a human. Ap-

49 On observing the frontierists, the law obliged the frontier guards to the summons “Halt!” and “Halt, because i will shoot!”. In case of disobedience, a warning by a shot in the air had to follow. After this, it did not oblige, but wording carefully, allowed shooting at the frontierists, on the stipulation that it had to possibly be leveled at the legs. Therefore, it did not exclude the possibility of homicide. [10]

proached it, put down the rucksack, in front of it next to the stake with both hands seized a barbed wire, and with all my might began to haul it.

Its wood impregnated with a black oil derivative looked very old, rough from wind and rain. Kept watch on the nail with its head consisted of black plastic in the shape of a brick. It commenced to move. Then, it yielded. Having a gleam of hope of success, rejoiced.

Began pulling about the following wire still more fiercely. My blood had covered the palms. The second nail gave out as well.

Having detached one more, fixed the loosened ones on the upper and the lower taut barbed wires. By this means, there came into being an orifice around 30 centimeters wide and 1 meter long.

Snatched up the rucksack, and laid it on the lower wires. From my palms, blood fell drop by drop on it. Pressing it inwards, a barb tore it on a small place. It just went in. Put my left leg in, stooped, slipped in, and drawing myself up to the full length, pulled in my right leg as well.

Who would have thought it! — thought, become enthusiastic.

The strip of ground of the interspace around 1 meter wide was overgrown with low grass sparsely. Lifted up the rucksack, and threw it over the other fence. With both hands, clutched the nearest stake, and with my left foot on its left side, with my right foot on its right side, began mounting from a wire to the other.

In the vicinity of the middle of its part inclining inwards, the joint broke under me, i fell through it, and rolling over in the air, with two feet got down on the land of the bolshevik state.

7. Shall i be able to traverse the soviet strip of land?

In conformity with my plan, had to traverse the soviet communist state, then to possibly tracklessly cross the soviet-hungarian frontier on the bank of the Tisza or its southern affluent being before me. On its section immediately before the confluence, the latter constituted the frontier. Considered the crossing on its bank to be more favorable. However, had to come to the final decision on the spot.

The thick and dense vegetation partly parried my fall. Not looking back, put my fallen cap back on, caught the rucksack, and waded out from among the runners. Under my left knee on the sports pants, holes had resulted.

Its use-value has not decreased essentially — thought.

Slightly on the left, a smart deer feeder stood. It was of a strikingly better quality and more orderly than those seen in the romanian communist state. From the right, a far gun-shot struck my ear.

A hunter — thought. … They shall discover my tracks only in a few hours … By that time, i shall already be far away.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and with rapid steps started on. Perpendicularly removed from the frontier. The character of the wood had not change. Its terrain leniently descended.

Getting to the fringe of the wood, halted, and looked round. In front of me, a grassy terrain lay. After it, behind an orchard a village was visible.[50] On the right side, subsequently to a maize stubble-field, an arm of wood ran.

Back among the trees! — decided, and turned to the right.

With rapid steps, cut across the agricultural ground. Went in the wood. In front of my feet, there appeared a rusty bundle of wire half sunken in the dry soil. It looked unperilous. Stepped on it with a calm defiance.

I will advance on the fringe — was thinking — in order that can keep in view the western terrain!

Turned to the left on a footpath beaten to the bare ground. Drew near to an electric pole around 2.5 meters high. It was made of an irregular tree trunk, and it grizzled from age. In the vicinity of its middle, a metal box. On its upper part, strained wires vanished in the thick of the branches. Pricked up my ears to peculiar soft phonetic signs.

They could derive from an electronic source — thought.

Looked to the right. At around 5 meters, from among a dense high vegetation there showed the part inclining inwards of the inner frontier-guarding fence. Became petrified.

I am just beside the frontier! — established. … Away from here!

Turning to the left, in double quick quit the stripe of wood. Across the agricultural ground, headed towards the orchard. It lay on a hillock.

At its foot, a stripe of runners around 1 meter high and 3 meters wide blocked my way. Penetrated into it by force. Gotten stuck, with both hands cleared away the branches adhering to me. Raised my feet, and treading down them, advanced on at the pace of a snail.

As if also this served purposes of frontier guarding — thought, being indignant.

Having extricated myself from it, began climbing on the grass of the orchard. Halted, and looked back. Next to the stripe of wood, a khaki jeep stood on the place where i had observed the fence. Beside it, two frontier guards. A wolf-dog held in leash scented to and fro zealously.

They have spotted me! — thought, a chill having come over me, and

50 Possibly, Szőlősgyula. [Read approximately: 'səːləːʃgyulɔ. In the ukrainian language: Yulivchi.] [9]

proceeded on my way. … The fruit-trees sufficiently camouflage me.

On the top, got to a wood. Went in. On the left, passed by a shrubbery. A country lane viewed. From the right, a hum of engine sounded. Having approached a thick-boled tree, took cover behind it. A khaki jeep drove past in front of me in the direction of the frontier.

They are looking for me! — thought. … I must hide myself!

The car having vanished in the thick, i turned back. Slipped in among the shrubs.

How could they locate the place of my approaching the frontier so quickly and exactly?! — raised the question to myself. … Probably, the box of the pole was some kind of warning device … It may be that with the gun-shot, they signaled the spotting of my crossing … They got knowledge of me much sooner than i have expected … They are already looking for me, and i have not even removed myself from the frontier! … Must prepare myself for all the possibilities! … Than they catch me, will rather leave the rucksack! … Must take with me food for a few days and the most necessary personal belongings!

Filled the big, outside pockets of the waistcoat with milk bars. Inside, by the pocket-lamp put the knife and the aspirin tablets.

Crept out of the shrubbery. Cautiously examined round the terrain. Perceived nothing suspicious. Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and started on.

Crossed the lane. From the right, on a grassy terrain an elderly woman was coming nearer to the wood looking at the ground. She wore black country clothes, on her head she had a headkerchief, in the hand a wicker basket.

Probably, she comes to gather acorns — thought.

I turned to the left. The terrain suddenly became steep. Began clambering up.

Got up to a roughly horizontal sector.

Approach the fringe of the wood in order to march as far as possible from the frontier! — thought.

Turned to the right. On the left side, the terrain ascended farther. Was pacing on freshly dropped dry leaves.

Slightly on the right at around 5 meters, from behind the outside trees, there rose suddenly from under the level of the soil a frontier guard with his right side and back to me. He wore a green field-uniform, on his head he had a bonnet. He shouted down to the valley. Slowing down, i turned to the left.

He has observed me!? thought, doubtingly. … He has cried for help!?

He suddenly drew down. Reflex-likely, cautiously took down the rucksack, let it down on the ground, and began to climb with steps slow, but the most rapid possible going round about the dry leaves.

After around 10 meters, the branches of a shorter tree hung down nearly to the earth.

Enough! — decided. … See what has happened!

Turned round, sat down behind them, and began watching the place of the appearance of the frontier guard. Everything looked natural. Only my rucksack stood completely unscreened in the thinned wood. Outside of the rustle of the branches swaying in the balmy breeze, the scarcely perceptible sough of the dry leaves dropping down, and the chirp of birds, nothing was audible.

They have not observed me — thought, feeling relief. … It is strange, as my steps caused a rather great noise on the leaf-litter … It is evident that i am beside an active outpost … Shall start on? … Without risk could remove myself from it, then advancing in the interior of the wood, could leave the frontier zone … For a few days, have the disposal of food; the compass and the pocket-lamp are by me … All these are enough for getting out of this prison state … With the money, could also get through to even Austria … But without the rucksack, would be unable to sleeping spend the nights in the open air … Would be constrained to sleep in the day-time and to advance in the night, or to look for shelter for the night … In addition, if they catch me, i shall indispensably need the rucksack, the sleeping-bag and every single article of clothing for my following illegal fleeing attempts … It may be that this is not an outpost of twenty-four hours … It is worth while sacrificing several hours for getting back the possibility of sleeping outside in the night … For the time being, will not continue my way!

Pricked up my ears to voices. Afterwards, a shout filled the valley. From the left from farther, someone shouted back in reply.

It is probable — was thinking — that there are two of them, and the village is surrounded by several similar outposts.

Crackle of leaves struck my ear. Looked to the right. A pheasant came nearer. Pacing rapidly on the leaf-litter, it brought about a noise resembling the going of a human.

What if they will control the fringe of the wood?! — raised the question to myself, holding my breath. … They shall observe the rucksack, and afterwards probably me as well! … Shall i remove myself? … No, as may startle the pheasant!

From time to time, it halted and scratched about. It passed behind the

outpost. Then vanished from sight to the left, without that the frontier guards reacted perceivably for me. Breathed freely again.

Now can already understand — was thinking — why they did not spot me! … Day after day, they see service on the fringe of the wood … The noise caused by the pheasant, striking for me, for them was an accustomed part of the nature … For this reason, they mistook the rustle produced by me for the steps of a pheasant, possibly a hare or a deer … Probably, if the frontier guards had not stood up, they would not have observed me at that time either … I would have proceeded on the fringe of the wood … Probably, the following outposts are outside it as well, and they would not have observed me there either … Now could be somewhere far away … In spite of the fact, will not risk going after the rucksack!

From the village, hungarian folk music infiltrated. It did not surprise me, because i was not far from the soviet-hungarian frontier, and knew that reigning over fractions of the hungarian people was not a monopoly of the romanian "hydra".

At noon, took out a milk bar. Cautiously, undid its packing paper, removed it from it, folded up and put it into a pocket of the pants.

In all certainty, there is a fence of this kind on the soviet-hungarian frontier as well — thought. … However, it does not affect my plan in any way, as it obviously breaks at the rivers … Yet, it may be that the soviet "hydra" union did not give up its struggle with the nature, as its romanian comrade did on the bank of the Berettyó, and had it invented a device replacing the fence over the rivers … If have to break through the object, then from the first fence, can kick out the wires with the shoes, and from the inner part of the second one, can wrench them off with the knife … If the blade snaps, then will pull them down … Or can use a hard piece of wood … On my way towards the frontier, shall have to watch the terrain, maybe shall find an object suitable for wrenching! … And on its outer part, can open an orifice with sole kicks as well.

The noise of an automobile struck my ear. It came from the valley. It stopped, and honked twice. Behind the outside trees, two frontier guards appeared with their backs to me, and disappeared on the steep slope.

They have left the outpost! — thought, rejoicing. … Are not they only relieving?

Looked at my watch: it was half past three or thereabouts. The hum of engine died down. Newer frontier guards did not crop up. A mild excitement overcame me.

They have gone away! — thought. … Well, well! … The long, patient waiting yielded a result … The moment of acting has come!

Stood up. Pacing carefully, started towards the rucksack. Getting nearer and nearer, my excitement intensified. Taking it in the hands, my heart beat already in the neck. Turning to the right, began removing myself from the outpost. It did not react. Felt relief.

At last, i am again with you, my provident fleeing companion! — thought.

Advanced on the steep slope without losing from my height. Stopped at the foot of a small cluster of trees panting. Sat down, and leant against the biggest bole.

Here, the frontier guards of the outpost shall not imperil me any longer — thought.

Looked round. From a height of around 30 meters, the fringe of the wood was visible.

Because of the steepness of the slope, am hardly observable — thought. … And the trees somewhat screen me as well … First, must rid myself of the peril of the outposts! … For this reason, must not march on the fringe of the wood in the direction taken up in the morning … Secondly, must round the village! … Its eastern corner is the nearest … In the opposite direction, it is questionable to rid myself of it before the nightfall marching in the interior of the wood … It may be that for the night would be compelled to remain in the wood, and could not be sure of that neither the outposts, nor the village imperil me any longer … It may also happen that the wood terminates not far away, and then would find myself in the vicinity of the village on an unknown terrain … Albeit here am far from the outposts, and can leave behind the village in a few minutes … This place is suitable for a hiding-place … Will not look for a better one! …In the evening, will descend to the fringe of the wood, turn to the right, and marching the nearest possible to the village, namely as far as possible from the frontier, will try to get out of the frontier zone … Hereafter, the terrain of the strip of land of the soviet communist state is flat, so can continue my advance safely in the night … This is so much the more reasonable, as in all certainty they are still looking for me … In a north-westward direction, will reach the affluent, and will continue my way along it … If the fence breaks on the bank, and nothing replaces it, obviously that place is better guarded … For this reason, must take care not to approach it very much before reconnoitering it thoroughly during the day … Must find out whether the fence is avoidable on the bank of the river, whether the crossing in the water is possible, whether the fighting down of the artificial obstacles is easier in the river or on the land, and concretely how the frontier is guarded … On the basis of the information gained, shall be able to draw up my exact plan … The crossing of the soviet-hungarian frontier could require even several days, but have no choice, as they have obviously reinforced its western section … Complement the food-supply of the waistcoat

pockets! … And eat as well!

From the left, a frontier guard broke through. With hurried steps, looking forward fixedly he passed on the fringe of the wood.

As if he were weaponless — thought.

The night was falling. Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and began descending.

At the fringe of the wood, halted, and waited for being completely darkness. At around 50 meters, there stood the first houses. Fenceless gardens separated me from them.

Left the wood. Reached a country lane. It snaked beside the gardens. Its edges and middle were overgrown with grass.

Do not like it — was thinking — but am under the necessity of turning on it.

Marched almost on tiptoe almost noiselessly. A small vineyard broke through. On the left behind it, after a bare terrain around 20 meters wide, the rear of the last house of the village grizzled. Its pantry window was unlit. Farther, a flat land disappeared in the darkness.

Here is the opportunity to turn off the lane! — thought.

Turning to the left, slunk in between the first two lines.

If i get beyond the vineyard — was thinking — my case shall be as good as won.

There struck my ear heavily running paces. Looked back. On the section of the lane behind the vineyard from the frontier, a frontier guard was drawing nearer keeping his look on me. He wore a green field-uniform, on his head he had a winter-cap. Said something, but i did not understand it.

They have captured me! — thought.

Acknowledged the appalling reality, faced it without a spiritual trial. The experiences of my illegal fleeing attempts and of their consequences had taught me that the difficult situations could be endured the easier, the more accepted them.

8. With the frontier guards of the soviet communist state

I stopped, and turned back. With his right hand, the frontier guard had been taking hold of the machine pistol being hung on his neck. Was of small stature. Having quite approached me, he asked something.

“Romania,” said i, calmly.

He did not look to be surprised. Made a sign for me to put down the rucksack, and raise my hands. I obeyed him. He began searching me. Dived into my pockets, and took their contents. Gave me to understand to go out of the vineyard.

From behind him, another frontier guard came. He led a wolf-dog. It struck my eyes his stately, slender standing. Far from barking, he did not even look at me. It somewhat surprised me. I had not opportunity to directly experience them up to this time though, i formed about them an image rather resembling ferocious wild animals.

It is intelligent — thought.

The first frontier guard lifted on my rucksack to his back. He gave me to understand that if i tried to make off, he would shoot. He showed that i should lock my hands together with the fingers and put them behind on my head.

What next! — protested i, with a corresponding gesture accompanied by a voice.

His face relaxed into a smile. He turned round, and making a sign for me to follow him, started towards the village. The frontier guard with the dog came behind me. They conducted me as quick as possible.

The big gray houses built on high foundations seemed to be characteristic. In some places, groups of humans stood in the street. Getting in the center of their interest, at times they cried towards me. Sometimes, i understood them.

“Do you know hungarian? … Where are you from? … Why did you come over? … Is here better than there?”

On the uneven rubbled street, poultry strayed dispersedly. On the right side, a lit-up small store emerged. The storeman acted in a white cloak and cap behind the counter, in front of the entirely empty brackets. There was not one buyer in.

With regard to the supply with goods, here it is not finer either— thought. … Apart from the style of the houses and the spoken language, nothing refers to that i have crossed the frontier of the romanian communist state.

A large sliding gate viewed. At a signaling, its door opened. Along the sidewalk, in some places frontier guards stood. Their faces seemed to express surprise and curiosity.

I rate as if not an individual, then a rare phenomenon here in the barracks — thought.

At the entrance of the main building, an elderly professional frontier guard was standing partly swung towards me looking at me. He wore an

officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. With his naturally sad and bitter face, as if had expressed mercy to me.

Although it would be proper — was thinking — i will not take off my cap, in order to render it perceptible to the other frontier guards: as opposed to them, i am not an inferior to the officer.

They took me to an office. No one was in. Had me sat down in an armchair being beside the table on the right side. I took off the cap. Looked round. There struck my eyes a Lenin statuette of full build, around half a meter high. The portrait of Mikhail Gorbachov was nowhere visible.

The equippedness of the office is approximately on the level of the hungarian communist state — thought. … But the building and the courtyard remind me of rather the romanian communist state.

A relatively young frontier guard came in. He wore an officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. He seemed to be good-mannered. I stood up.

"Good evening!" said he, in a romanian language of slav accent.

"Good evening!"

"Take your seat!"

"Thank you."

He sat down to the table being beside me. He had the rank of captain.[51]

"When did you cross the frontier?" asked he.

"In the morning."

"And what have you done up to now?"

"I was waiting for growing dark."

"Where?"

"In the wood."

"Why didn't you go during the day?"

"… In the wood, a frontier guard stood up in front of me, and uttered a loud exclamation … Thinking that they could observe me, i put down my rucksack, and removed myself from the outpost … Becoming conscious of that had not been observed, waited for them to go away."

"At what time did they go away?"

"At half past three, according to the romanian time."

"And afterwards?"

"In the evening, i let myself down from the hill, and wanted to go round the village … But in a vineyard i was caught."

"Did you try to run away?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because i saw no chance for my success."

He took out some blanks. Questioned and put down my particulars.

51 Captain Rangu. [11]

“From where did you start on foot out towards the frontier?” asked he, curiously, while compiling my file.

“From Nagybánya.”

“From Nagybánya?!” asked he, incredulously. … And have you come on foot as far as here?!”

“Yes.”

“… For what reasons have you left Romania?”

“Mainly for political reasons … The ethnic reasons are secondary …”

The elderly officer frontier guard came in. He had a lieutenant-colonel rank. Sat down on a chair being behind the captain on the right. They exchanged a few words. In the interpretation of his comrade, he put me questions. Revealed himself as being exceedingly calm and modest.

“How did you cross the fence?”

“I pulled out three wires … The other side was lacking in around as many … In the so-formed orifice, there found room both i and my rucksack … Afterwards, i climbed the other fence.”

“Where did you want to get through to?”

“To Austria, possibly to Hungary.”

“And why have you come to the Soviet Union?”

“Since in Hungary the refugees from Romania are received, the guarding of the romanian-hungarian frontier has been reinforced … I thought that the romanian-soviet frontier was easy to cross … But … But, i would stay in the Soviet Union as well … If possible, i would like to stay in the Soviet Union! … Than to get back to Romania …”

Saying nothing, they stood up and left.

Two robust frontier guards came in. They caught my rucksack, put it up on the other table, and undid it. One by one, examined the objects of its contents. Seeing the whistle, they exchanged significant glances, and began to smile mockingly. I did not react.

They took me over into a class-room. Three frontier guards were in. In front of me the desk and on the left the benches were covered with white plastic lamina. All round on the walls and next to them, visual aids. In the right hither corner, a television.

It is much more equipped and modern than the class-room experienced in Bors[52] at the frontier-guards of the romanian communist state — thought.

I sat down in the first bench in front of the desk. From the opposite wall, a portrait montage of roughly 4 × 2 struck my eyes. In its left upper

52 Read approximately: 'borʃ. In the romanian language: Borş. Village in a straight line at around 2 kilometers from the romanian-hungarian frontier. [2]

corner, there was the photo of Mikhail Gorbachov.

Probably, it represents the members of the politburo of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union — thought. … Here, long since the soviet "hydra" union has given up the cult of personality.

They turned on the TV. There appeared color pictures accompanied by slav speech. They turned to a channel in the hungarian communist state. Meanwhile, other frontier guards came.

Probably, they shall have a lecture to attend — thought.

The much darker khaki color of their uniform attracted my attention. Seemingly, its quality was better, but it did not attain the one perceived in the hungarian communist state. Their bonnet seemed to be almost identical with with the one of the romanian communist state.

It is possible — was thinking — that after the second world war the army of the romanian communist state took over bolshevik models … The officer uniforms and ranks refer to this as well.

A frontier guard perched himself in front of me on the bench. I recognized him.

"Oh, it was you," was i saying, smiling reproachingly, while patting him on the back, "that have caught me!"

He smiled back victoriously proudly.

You may take it for certain — was i trying to give him to understand — that you shall not catch me once again! … I will not come to the Soviet Union any more.

The lieutenant-colonel came in. The frontier guards stood up. I raised to my feet as well. He took his stand at the desk, and signaled for us to sit down. Took out a sheet of paper. Began reading. I looked at and listened to him. He said something to the frontier guard sitting beside me. He stood up. I let him out. Would have sat back, but he made a sign for me to follow him.

On the other end of the corridor, he pointed to a door. I opened it. There appeared a rectangular table laid with a blue and white cross-streaked cloth. On it, a cover for a person. On a dessert plate, a pat of butter.

Only the cook frontier guard was in. I sat down to an unlaid, circular table. He took a dinner plate made of rust-proof steel, from the big vessels on the oven put in it a helping of meal, and set it in front of me: rice, on it with a bit of meat.

They never gave rice at the army of the romanian communist state — thought. … And meat also only rarely.

"And why did you wait at the outpost for the soldiers to leave?" asked the captain.

“In order not to be observed.”

He placed two sheets of paper in front of me.

“Sign this for our taking your baggage; and this for your receiving it back!”

I signed. He put them in the file. He took my rucksack in the hand.

“Come!” said he.

“Where will you carry me?” asked.

He said nothing. Led me out to the courtyard. Made me sit down in the left back seat of a khaki jeep. The lieutenant-colonel sat by the side of the driver. The captain placed himself beside me. The car turned out of the gate of the barracks.

Reaching a concrete road, it took a curve to the left. I fixedly watched the roadway. From its direction, tried to foresee where they were carrying me.

On the whole, it proceeds towards the west! — established, mildly rejoicing.

The concrete surface had not proved to be entirely even, as in the hungarian communist state. At times, there viewed larger joltinesses and small holes as well, as in the romanian communist state.

Neither from the point of view of the roads is the soviet communist state essentially better — thought.

On the right side, a place-name table approached. In its white field, a black lettering in roman letters.

Akli[53] — read. … Roman letters in the Soviet Union?! — raised the question to myself, being amazed.

The jeep took a curve to the right.

This is a good sign! — thought, enthusing. … Maybe, they will take my request into consideration, and will not give me back!

It went into the courtyard of a barracks. They had me gotten out. Led me in the main building. Sent me in a small room with the door opened. A light-bulb illuminated it. Its furniture consisted of a kitchen stool all in all. Sat down.

A common soldier called me out. He kept in the hand a Smena camera with a flashlamp. Had me taken my stand in front of a wall. Clicked on me four times.

He sent me in an office. At its assembly-room table, the officers sat facing each other.

53 Read approximately: 'ɔkli. The hungarian name of the village. In the ukrainian language: Klinovoye.

“Did you come over alone?” asked the captain.

“Yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“… You know, i ask you, because today somebody from Romania has still crossed the frontier … Don’t you know something about it?”

“No … I do not know anything.”

“… That’s right … You may go away.”

Through a door, two cook frontier guards with white aprons came out. In a big tray, they carried a few small loaves and other foodstuffs.

Here, would also the common soldiers get white bread?! — raised the question to myself, being amazed.

The officers came out of the assembly-room. The captain made a sign for me to follow them. They had me gotten in the jeep. Leaving the barracks, it turned to the left.

All signs refer to that — was thinking — they are carrying me to the romanian communist state … From a prison state, to the other … It may be that the disadvantage of the monster fence and of the more guardedness of the frontier cancel, maybe even surpass the advantage of the milder nature of the bolshevism of Gorbachov type … While i am capable of relatively easily leaving the romanian communist state, from here even my getting out is doubtful … Do not care that they give me back … Only fear the manner of treatment of the frontier guards and the prison of the romanian communist state.

On the right side of the road, a waiting row of trucks viewed. The jeep commenced overtaking it. In its flood-light, a close-meshed wire-netting appeared. At the pocket-lamp signaling of a frontier guard, the car pulled up. After controlling, he unlocked a lock, and shifted the gateway. On the concrete surface unfolding itself, there were waiting two frontier guards of the romanian communist state.

9. With the frontier guards of the romanian communist state

I got out. The captain put down my rucksack. He placed my plastic bottle next to it. The frontier guards of the two “friendly socialist countries”, according to the official language, greeted one another seemingly cordially. The romanian and the two bolshevik officers went to the jeep. From

their behavior, the soviet “great-power” supremeness struck the eyes.

“Take your baggage,” was saying the romanian non-commissioned officer, “and come!”

I will leave the bottle here! — thought. … If they do not take it away, the romanian “hydra” shall find out less information on my illegal fleeing attempt … And if they take it away, i can provide the bolshevik “hydra” union and the yugoslav “hydra” federation with a newer fact, which corroborates that am not an agent of the Securitate.

Lifted on the rucksack to my back, and started. The non-commissioned officer watchfully and zealously stepped back to the bottle, bent and took it in the hand.

“What is this?” asked he, looked at it, and passed it towards me. “Carry this as well!”

I took it over. He conducted me towards a talking frontier-guard group. My appearance did not seem to break their seeming indifference. Next to them, he had me stopped. I joined the circle.

“Why did you go over to the russians?” asked one, with a naturalness going the farthest, as if i had been a fellow of them.

“I heard,” was answering, without batting an eyelid, ”that a number of persons had died on the hungarian frontier … In reality, i would have liked to get through to Austria.”

“… From the russians, did you want to go over to the hungarians, and from there to the austrians?”

“Yes. I intended to traverse a soviet strip of land around 17 kilometers wide … In my rucksack, there are still foodstuffs sufficient for approximately one week …”

They shook their heads. From their background manifestation, it appeared that they considered my penetrating the object an outstanding achievement, and my case was, if not unparalleled, then at least rare.

“Which crossing-place is this?” asked i.

“Halmi.[54]”

There viewed the squat elderly officer frontier guard. From his sullen face, an entirely other spirituality irradiated. Getting to me, he dug me in the ribs.

“You are hungarian, aren’t you?!” asked he, in a severe tone of his severe voice, without halting.

“Yes.”

“Well, come! … I’ll make you sit up tonight!”

They took me in the vestibule of a building. Manacled me from the front. Had me sat down to a table on a bench. The officer settled down in front of me. He was of captain rank.

54 Read approximately: 'hɔlmi. In the romanian language: Halmeu.

“Why did you climb farther up?” asked he.

“I wanted to see whether the fence continued.”

“… What did you say to the russians, for what reasons had you gone away from the country?”

“For professional reasons.”

“Don’t lie! … You said political reasons!”

“That is not true!” protested, resolutely.

“… But you said political reasons!”

“I am not interested in politics!”

“… But the russian officers said to me that you had said political reasons!”

“I said professional reasons.”

He eyed me sharply. His face all at once changed, as if he had begun to give credit to my statement.

It won’t be i — was he suggesting — who will make a politician of you!

“Somebody helped you to go over, didn’t he?!” asked he, in a tone suggesting a firm conviction about his right.

If i deny again — was thinking — then he shall again believe that i lie.

“Yes.”

“How did he help you?!”

“… I went in the village, and knocked at the door of a house …”

“And?!”

“… I asked whether they could tell a few words about the frontier.”

“Whom did you ask?!”

“… A man.”

“How did he look?”

“… He was of medium height, … brown … It was dark … I could not see him well …”

“What was the house like?”

“… I cannot remember.”

“… If tomorrow morning i bring you face to face with a number of inhabitants from Tamásváralja[55], will you recognize that man?”

“… I do not know.”

“Well, you’ll know it immediately!”

He got up, and went back to an office. Brought out a shovel-shank resembling stick.

“Lie on your belly on the bench!”

I lay on the belly. With all his might, he struck down on my sole. Alternately, he hit sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left one. Because

55 Read approximately: 'tɔmaːʃvaːrɔlyɔ. In the romanian language: Tămăşeni. Village in a straight line at around 4 kilometers from the frontier. [9] I got to know at this time that in reality had crossed the frontier not at Batarcs, but at Tamásváralja.

of my manacled hands, could hardly hold myself on the bench. After around five whacks, tumbled down. Staggered to my feet.

"Lie back!"

I lay back. He kept pounding. It did not ache far so much than the whacks leveled with rubber truncheon at my naked soles in Bors on 28 september 1986. Reversely, through the shielding synthetic layers of the soles of my sports shoes the thick wooden pole shook my whole body. Tumbled down again.

"You'll immediately talk! … Lie back!"

"Captain! … I cannot say anything! … No one helped me."

"Oh yeah?! … You'll immediately tell the truth! … Lie back!"

I obeyed him. After a newer sequence of whacks, found myself on the floor again.

"Believe me, captain, no one helped me! … Now, it is for the fourth time that i have crossed the frontier … On two former occasions was suspected in the same manner … I have nothing else to say … Believe me!"

"But then why did you say in the beginning that somebody had helped you?!" asked he, mildly panting.

"You were so much convinced about your truth that the truth would have seemed a lie in your eyes."

"… Well, that's right! … But you'll write down for me exactly, in full, step by step, how did you get as far as the frontier, and how did you cross! … And at its end you'll enumerate your former crossings! Because you said that this is not the first one … Got me?!"

"Yes."

I will no more make use of the soviet-romanian frontier — thought. … For this reason, do not need keeping back the gained terrain knowledge … Moreover, the reality of my nightly marching shall produce a misleading effect, because up to the present approached the frontier always by day … On the other part, neither this time will avow that after leaving Marosvásárhely marched a few more days in the nature! … And neither that traveled by train! … As far as Nagybánya, came with hitch-hike … They may believe this … They may know what happened in Nagybánya till my descending the mountain … In all certainty, they controlled the highroad though, they could not keep an eye on every vehicle … For this reason, they may also believe that from Nagybánya hitch-hiked on … Even if next day they spotted me on the maintain again, as because of the difficulty of the terrain i could return to the highroad … After Nagybánya, leaving roughly the fifth village, got out, and set off in a northward direction towards the frontier … Only the distribution of the time is questionable.

He fetched three sheets of paper and a jotter.

I left Marosvásárhely on 2 — thought, after having written down the preamble. … May put off this date with one day without the peril of its discovery … Therefore, departed on 3 … Marched six days as far as the railroad line 400 … Afterwards, went by train two days as far as Nagybánya, where consequently arrived on 11 … In those eight days, hitchhiked: three days to Kolozsvár[56], three days to Dés[57] and two days to Nagybánya … It is curious, but cannot let the "hydra" into the secret of my tactics of leaving Marosvásárhely.

With the purpose of stopping the "hydra" control and diminishing the probability of re-spotting, i got on train not in Marosvásárhely, yet not even on the railroad line 405 cutting through it, but on the neighboring 400. Marched as far as the station considered to be suitable, namely Sajószentandrás[58]. Judged that after my "disappearance", the incertitude of the "hydra" regarding my spatial co-ordinates increased more and more with the flight of time.

As to the section of route after Nagybánya, the time distribution is not pending — was thinking on — as it is easily credible that advancing in the night the approach of the frontier took around seven days.

"On the date of 3 october 1989, i went away from Marosvásárhely," was writing on, "and with occasional means arrived in Nagybánya on the date of 11 october 1989 as follows: on or around the date of 6 october arrived in Kolozsvár, from where as far as Dés did 3 more days, and from here as far as Nagybánya two more ones … During all this time, slept in sleeping-bag in woods or fields, as a function of the possibilities … In Nagybánya, made purchases, and got in an occasional car going towards Szatmárnémeti … After around the fifth village, got off, and orientated myself on foot approximately to the north, towards the hills indicating the state frontier … Advanced mostly in the night, in order to keep myself away from contacting other persons … Also in this case, slept outside, in sleeping-bag."[59]

So much is enough about this! — thought. … If it wants to know it more detailedly, it will have me asked … Anyway, it is rather interested in the bygones near the frontier.

"After a march of around 7 days, i reached a wooded hill," was continuing "at which stayed till it grew dark … At falling of the darkness, let myself down to a grassy field, after which a maize plot came, after which a marshy terrain followed by an unknown plantation … Crossed then a nar-

56 Read approximately: 'koloʒva:r. In the romanian language: Cluj-Napoca. Big town in a straight line at around 130 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

57 Read approximately: 'de:ʃ. In the romanian language: Dej. Small town in a straight line at around 90 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

58 Read approximately: 'ʃɔyo:sentɔndra:ʃ. In the romanian language: Sfântu. Village in a straight line at around 85 kilometers from the frontier. [2]

59 [11]

rower lane, then a wider lane, after which went through the fence of a vineyard, in which went up, and struck upon a zone with sparse acacias …"[60]

Shall i write down the exact place of my sleeping? — raised the question to myself. … This may be an essential information … During my second crossing, also slept in a scarcely screened place in the vicinity of the frontier … It is not good, if they get to know this habit of mine … If write that slept in the wood, do not think that they shall be able to check the truth of this statement … It is enough if let out my path! … So, struck upon a zone with sparse acacias …

"… a zone with other trees," was writing on, "and then the wood … In the wood, put up for the night, and in the morning set off to the north-west … Met with the frontier at 7 hours in the morning …"[61]

And here, will also write down the number of the frontier-stone — was thinking — as they know the exact place of my crossing anyway.

"… at the frontier-stone 74," was writing, "let myself down to the stripe, undid 2 or 3 wires on the fence, after which introduced the baggage through the orifice created … Went through the first fence, threw the baggages over the second one, climbed the second one … Descended the slope of the wood, and tried to advance to the north-east, but had to change the direction because of the wood."[62]

Will not let them into the secret of the further details! — thought. … It is enough, if give away that they caught me in the evening beside the village! … And will point out the motive of my stopping in observing the second couple of frontier guards!

"At the fringe of the wood, i observed two russian frontier guards," was writing on, continuously, "in consequence of which had to halt and wait for the fall of the evening … In the evening at 18.00 hours or thereabouts, let myself down from the wood, and went out to the edge of the village in order to go it round … Passed by a number of gardens, and got into a little vineyard, which wanted to cut through, but a soviet sentinel summoned me from the back, searched me, took off my baggages, and in common with his comrade he led me to the frontier-guard watch-house in the village, where was investigated on my particulars, the motives of leaving the country … After this, was carried to another military unit, where a few photos were taken of me, and afterwards was handed over to the fron-

60 [11] The "narrower lane" is probably that country lane on which on 6 august 2019 i came out from the village to the hill to photograph, which is visible on all the three above photos, which bending to the left prior to cutting through the willow stripe intersects my evening path roughly perpendicularly, and which at the time of the written reconstruction did not recur to my mind.

61 [11]

62 [11] Presumably, instead of "wood" i wanted to write "frontier", but my state of mind deteriorated by the beating, as well as my tiredness and sleepiness diverted me from that. It is still possible that in the last moment decided not to give away the respective episode.

tier-guard authorities in the SRR."[63]

The captain took away my statement, and went in his office. I remained with the sergeant and a few inferiors of him. He looked silent and indifferent. As if he had not been interested in the matter at all.

In the course of the night, they guarded me by turns. They seemed to be of entirely other type than the frontier guards in the crossing-places in Bors, Temesmóra[64] and Alsósztamora[65]. Were lacking in that characteristic insensitiveness and aggressiveness, which had observed on the bulk of the frontier guards seeing service on the romanian-hungarian and the romanian-yugoslav frontiers. It was visible that they had not been selected for the frontier sections generally used by us, that they had not been instructed in our treatment, that maybe they had never to do with frontierists, that on the soviet-romanian frontier the intimidatory and determentory national secret policy of the "hydra" was objectless.

In the morning, a new frontier guard came in. He wore a non-commissioned officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. Seemed to be meek.

"Empty your rucksack!" said he.

I put out the contents of the two compartments on the table.

"Control them!" instructed he a common soldier.

One by one, he handled through my articles of clothing. He did not touch the food, but could not disguise the influence exerted on him by the foodstuffs being considered privileged within the framework of the military service.

"What are there in the pockets?" asked the non-commissioned officer

"Small objects."

He drew away the zippers, looked into them, took out a few things, and examined them.

"It's all right! Pack back!"

I took a bag of milk powder, and offered it to the common soldier.

"I will leave these ones here!" said.

Being ashamed, he averted his head, and nodded negatively. I did not insist. Did my packing.

"Undress!" said the non-commissioned officer.

On taking off my waistcoat, the compass came out of the pocket, and commenced to swing on my neck.

"What is that?!" asked he.

"A compass."

63 [11]

64 Read approximately: 'temeʃmo:rɔ. In the romanian language: Moraviţa. Village in a straight line at around 2 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

65 Read approximately: 'ɔlʃo:stɔmorɔ. In the romanian language: Stamora. Village in a straight line at around 5 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [12]

“Give it to me!” said he, smiling curiously.

I handed it over. He examined it with interest. Having undressed to bathing-pants, he controlled my pockets. Put the bulletin, the attested copies made of my tickets-of-leave certifying my former illegal fleeing attempts, and the remained around 1,000 lei on the table.

“Dress!” said he.

He looked at my documents. Gave them back. Slipped my compass and money into his pocket.

“Could i get back the compass at least?” asked I, smiling tactfully.

“It’s not possible.”

A newer frontier guard made his appearance in the door. He wore an officer uniform, on his head he had a flat cap.

“Come!” said he. “… I’ll take you to Szatmárnémeti.”

He was a lieutenant. Unlocked and took off the manacle from a hand in order that i could lift on the rucksack to my back. Then putting it back, he led me out of the building. Because of my soles made sensitive, paced suffering pain.

In the station, a train to Szatmárnémeti was in the course of leaving. He had me gotten on. Took me in a compartment.

A rather elderly person sat in it. He wore civilian clothes, on his head he did not have a cap. It came to light that was a superior of the lieutenant. In a civilized, moreover distinguished style and tone, put me questions. Proved to be very cultured. From his behavior, it appeared the rarity and peculiarity of my case.

“Otherwise, around the whole Soviet Union there is such a fence,” remarked he.

“Around the whole Soviet Union?! … This system of frontier guarding consumed masses of money …”

“And it is not a whatever kind of fence. It is switched on a low-voltage current, and it signals, if someone touches it.”

“Really?! Then i am surprised at not being caught immediately after crossing!”

In Szatmárnémeti, in the main building of a barracks the lieutenant took off the manacles. He entered an office. The anteroom was furnished with a table and chairs. I sat down.

There came out an older frontier guard of lieutenant-colonel rank. His face proclaimed haughtiness and contempt.

“You, listen!” spoke he to me, superciliously, in an aggressive tone. “Now, i’ll put you to write down your statement once again. But god do not grant that it does not agree with the former one, because I’ll bruise

you!"

The atmosphere has changed — thought. … It can be seen that Szatmárnémeti is in the romanian-hungarian frontier zone … It can be experienced the anti-frontierist national secret policy of the "hydra" … I well thought through, and attentively composed the imaginary part of my statement in Halmi, so that do not fear that shall give a pretext for beating.

They conducted me towards a cage of iron bars standing under a ringwall. It was almost full of frontierists. They stood with the faces inwards. It struck my eyes the prominently greatest proportion of the woman persons observed by me up to this time among us. A frontier guard guarded them.

It is an occasional cell — thought. … In all certainty, they made it afterwards the hungarian communist state had begun giving shelter to those fleeing the romanian communist state.

They put me into. I placed the rucksack beside the wall of bars. The frontier guard permanently watched us. It was not permitted to move and talk.

Someone came to the cell.

"Hey you, that tall one!"

I looked back. He wore a green winter field-uniform, on his head he had a cap. Kept his look on me.

"Come out!" said he, with a severity in an inverse proportion to his height.

He opened the door. I went out.

"Where have i to go?" asked.

"To the sector[66]," flung he the answer, over his shoulder, without looking up at me.

He took me to a door of the main building being farther back. Let me ahead. I went in. On the right side, there was a room.

"There!" said he. "That is the sector."

Through its half-open door, from the wall covered with faience there showed wash basins and mirrors.

The toilet — thought. … They want to have it cleared out with me.

Entering it, from the right a robust frontier guard made his appearance. He wore a khaki waistcoat on his khaki shirt, on his head he did not have a cap. With his fists, fell upon me. Focused under my chest. I constricted my abdominal muscles as strongly as possible. In order to somewhat decrease my pains, let myself move in the direction of his clips. Striking against the wall, removed myself from it a little, and turned round.

66 Between 1978 and 1979 during my military service from the point of view of cleaning, the barracks was divided into "sectors". For each, one or more soldiers were responsible.

After a new series of punches, i touched a closet door. It opening inwards, i fell over against the porcelain body of the english toilet. Staggered to my feet moaning-panting.

“Enough!” said the first frontier guard.

He pointed to a metal mug on a wash basin.

“Drink!” said he, in a peremptory tone.

It was one third with water.

I will not pour it out — was thinking — as they will make that a pretext for another beating!

I drank two sips. He led me out of the building. The perceptible effect of the clips ceased.

“The number of the fugitives has increased …” remarked i.

“Will you some more?!” asked he, in a raised voice, halting suddenly, and looking up at me half turning back.

“No … No …”

10. With the militiamen of the romanian communist state

In the evening, they transported us to the militia. Put us into a small room next to the entrance. It was full. Some sat on chairs or on improvised seating accommodations, others stood. We were not manacled. I put down the rucksack beside the wall, and let myself on it.

They had three of us called. We were taken up to an office of the upper storey. Two jovial persons in civilian clothes recorded our data in a register-book, and inquired about our intentions.

“Will you still try?” asked he, smiling humorously.

“… Yes,” said i, basing on my on-the-spot experience that the positive answer had become usual in this place, and that this had no negative consequences.

In the morning, there entered the sectorist[67] from Marosvásárhely. He wore winter-uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. I was surprised, and got slightly frightened as well, because did not know how he would react. But the first change of his face denoted that he did not take my case seriously.

67 It is a literal adaptation of the romanian word “sectorist” roughly meaning “sector militiaman”, namely a militiaman responsible for a “sector” of the town.

“What is going on, István[68]?!” asked he. “… Did they give you back again?!”

“Again,” answered, with a sadness jollyfied by his favorable reaction.

He read off the names of my companions in distress from the county Maros[69]. It came to light that we were four.

He called us out to the corridor.

“I’ll take you to Marosvásárhely by train,” said. “I won’t manacle you, but take care, because if you try to run away, you’ll only aggravate your situation! … Your moneys are by me … In Marosvásárhely, you’ll receive them back.”

He took us out. Next to the building, doughnuts were sold.

“I’ll give you some money,” said he. “Take something for yourselves to eat!”

“Ah, István, haven’t you realized yet, that the escape isn’t possible?!” asked me the militiaman.

“Of course it is possible! Many have gotten through to the Occident.”

“Yes, from a trial. But look, you’re already at the fourth one!”

“The circumstances are not favorable.”

“Did you ever meet in the penitentiary[70] such one, that tried so many times as you did?!”

“Yes, last year … But after all, this is not decisive, because most people renounce already after the first or the second failure.”

“So, you’ve made up your mind to resume it!?”

“What else could i do?!”

“You also seek a place of work for yourself! … And marry! … So as others are doing.”

We had arrived in Marosvásárhely after midnight.

“May we go home?” asked we.

He seemingly hesitated.

“No!” said he, so as if he had come to this decision on the spot. “… I have to hand you over … I have to take you to the militia … The buses don’t run any longer … We have to go farther on foot!”

At the militia, having turned us over to the non-commissioned officer on duty, the sectorist left.

“May we go home?” asked we.

“You may not! … You must be seen … Later, in the morning … In or-

68 Read approximately: 'iʃtva:n. My hungarian first name.

69 Read approximately: 'mɔroʃ. In the romanian language: Mureş.

70 The prisons were officially named “penitentiaries”. [In the romanian language: penitenciar.]

der for you to have what to do up to that time, i'll give you something to work … You'll sweep and wash up the building!"

In the morning, having been given a close crop all of us, except our girl companion in distress, we were waiting having been made stand against the wall facing the entrance door of the waiting-room. A person in civilian clothes came in hurrying. He wore leather jacket, on his head he did not have a cap. His gravely and mercilessly threatening facial expression referred to a securist officer. He bent his steps towards us.

"Is it you who are those bad eggs?!" asked he, in a loud voice already from afar, come near to cry.

He placed himself in front of our from the left first companion in distress in the row.

"Hey you, how have you gotten here?!"

"I was caught."

"You were caught …" repeated he, wining in a derisively disparaging tone. "You would have been shot!" said he, and slapped him in the face.

"Hey you, how did it come into your head to sink to escape?!" asked he the following.

"… I thought i would try."

"You thought … You cannot even think!"

There sounded a slap in the face.

"Hey you, where did you work?!"

"… In Marosvásárhely."

"In Marosvásárhely … Now, you'll clean the pigsties in the co-op[71] in your village!"

The wind of his slap touched my left cheek. He took his stand in front of me, looking into my eyes deeply.

"Hey you, where did you want to get through to?"

"… To the United States."

"To the United States … You've gotten through to Romania!"

He made his look more piercing, lifted up his right hand, and deforming his face, began being visibly simulatedly horrified.

It is not worth wasting my energy and time on you, beings of lower order — programed he.

He suddenly smote me. A burningly stinging feeling flooded my cheek.

The militiaman on duty gave back our money. He handed an "invitation" to my companions in distress each, and let them go.

"And what about me?!" asked i.

"You, still wait!"

71 Agricultural cultivating co-operative.

There arrived a person in civilian clothes. He wore a brown leather jacket, on his head he did not have a cap. His face irradiated a natural benevolence, some compassion.

"Hey you, Adorján[72]! "… I see that you're already at the fourth one … Haven't you thought that it was enough?!"

"… Yes, indeed," fibbed. "… I have come to know that the illegal emigration is not possible."

"… Listen, Adorján! … I won't arrest you," was he saying, stressing the 'i', "but i call your attention that you'll spend your days in the penitentiary, if you don't reform yourself! … And now come, and write a statement!"

He took me in an office. Opened my file, turned over its leaves to the last page of my statement written in Halmi or Szatmárnémeti, and put it in front of me, keeping its leaves in order that it would not close.

"Write here!" said he. "At such and such a time, 'i fraudulently crossed the frontier to the USSR, … but i was handed over to the romanian authorities. … I am conscious of that it is impossible to cross the frontier, … and i gave up the idea of fraudulently crossing the frontier. … I recognize and regret my deed'! … Right! 'So much i state, uphold and sign'[73]! … That's right! Signature and date!"

He handed me over an "invitation".

"Tomorrow morning at 8 hours, you'll present yourself here! … Have you understood it?! … And mind yourself! … Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

You would like me to now flee again — thought. … After having foisted upon me the "smuggling" last year, you would now like to increase my punishment and multiply my criminal record with the "false statement" in order that you could assert your false and falsifying conception: "He is not a frontierist, but just a criminal sentenced for crimes involving moral turpitude" … Only that, i will not go! … Will not go, because the nights are already too cold, because the nature would not camouflage and screen with its green any longer, because i have little money, and because you have made me bald … Based on this as well, you have not arrested me, and took the concomitant risks as well, that maybe it shall work out … But this shall not work out for you any longer, because i will not go!

In the morning, i was waiting in the waiting-room of the criminal department of the militia. A militiaman called me in. He wore an officer[74] uniform, on his head he had a flat cap. Took me in an office. Sat down to his table.

72 Read approximately: ˈɔdorya:n. My hungarian surname.
73 [11]
74 Lieutenant. [11]

“Sit down!” said he, with an artificial politeness and in an ominous tone, pointing up the chair in front of him.

I sat down. His face irradiated negative sentiments. I shuddered a little.

I have already experienced this type of facial expression in Bors, Temesmóra and Alsósztamora — established. … He produces such an impression as if i were at his disposal with all my being, as if i were a citizen of a lower order, his servant, his defeated enemy, his own property.

My file was on the table. He took out a form. Began filling it with my particulars.

“When did you decide,” was he asking, “to again cross the frontier illegally?”

“… At the beginning of october.”[75]

“Where did you want to get through to?”

“To Hungary, and from there to Austria.”

“At the beginning of the month of october 1989, i arrived at the decision to cross in a fraudulent manner the state frontier of the SR of Romania to the USSR,” was he making a note, “from here following to go over to Hungary, and from there to Austria.”[76]

“When did you depart from Marosvásárhely?”

“On 3 october.”

“And how did you approach the frontier?”

“As far as Nagybánya, where i made purchases, i hitch-hiked. From there, i stopped a car going to Szatmárnémeti. Then, i got off, and set off on foot towards the frontier.”

“On the date of 3 october 1989, i went away from Marosvásárhely with occasional means as far as Nagybánya,” wrote he on. “From here, i went to Szatmárnémeti, and afterwards on foot towards the frontier with the USSR.”[77]

“When did you reach the frontier?”

“On 19.”

“At what hour did you cross it?”

“At something like 7 hours in the morning.”

“Where?”

“Beside Tamásváralja.”

“On the date of 19 october 1989, i got through to the state frontier of the SR of Romania,” continued he, “and at 7.00 or thereabouts i crossed the frontier in a fraudulent manner through the zone of the Tamásváralja

75 In reality, i decided for the second time to illegally leave the romanian communist state, in february 1986. However, to declare this would have been an aggravating circumstance because of the premeditation.

76 [11]

77 [11]

locality, into the USSR."[78]

"And what did you do in the USSR?"

"I hid myself till the setting in of the dark, afterwards tried to traverse the soviet strip of land … At the edge of a village, the russian frontier guards captured me, took me to the watch-house, and in the evening of the same day they gave me back."

"I was in hiding on the respective day till the fall of the evening," was he writing, "and afterwards tried traversing the territory, but was caught at the edge of a village on the frontier of the USSR by the russian frontier guards. I was led to the watch-house, and on the date of 19 october 1989, in the evening, was given to the Halmi Point of Checking the Crossing of the Frontier[79] in the Szatmár[80] county."[81]

He inquired after my former frontier crossings more detailedly than they had done it in Halmi. So that, after all, the lines on my past came to the half of the text.

"Do you recognize your deed?"

"Yes."

"Do you suggest proofs in your defense?"

"No."

"Sign each page! … And now we have to go to the prosecution!"[82]

The public prosecutor[83] had leafed through my file. He read through my frontier-guards statement and the militia declaration.

"Do you acknowledge your deed?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Do you uphold your statements until now?"

"Yes."

"I acknowledge," was he dictating to the typist "that on the date of 19 october 1989 at 7 hours or thereabouts fraudulently crossed the state frontier to the USSR through the zone of Tamásváralja, Szatmár county. On the same day at 18 hours or thereabouts, was caught by the soviet frontier guards, was held a few hours, till proved my identity, after that was handed over to the romanian authorities."[84]

"Did you want to settle in Austria?" asked he.

"No. From there, i would have liked to emigrate to the United States."

"Do you have relatives there?"

78 [11]

79 In the romanian language: Punct de Control al Trecerii Frontierei. Abbreviated: P.C.T.F.

80 In the romanian language: Satu Mare.

81 [11]

82 On the left side of the photo of the back cover, there can be partly seen the building of the prosecution behind the outpost on 13 august 2019 at 7 hours and 41 minutes or thereabouts in the morning.

83 GAVRILUȚI Vasile. [Read approximately: gʌvri 'lutsi vʌ 'sile.] [11]

84 [11]

“No.”

“In Austria?”

“Only in Hungary i have a few rather distant relatives.”

“I intended to get through to the PR of Hungary[85],” was he dictating on, “after which to Austria, and from here to settle in the USA. In these countries, i have no relatives, with the exception of the PR of Hungary, where have some more distant relatives.”[86]

With his this sentence, the public prosecutor repeatingly consolidated the operation which had already been done by the frontier-guard captain in Oravicabánya[87] around two and a half years earlier, with this programing the conception that i resorted to the illegal frontier crossing, not because the romanian state did not give me a passport, but because for lack of close foreign relatives i could not get an immigration visa from another state. In all certainty, the Ceauşescu regime needed this in order that in the case of my frontier-guard shooting planned by it its responsibility could not be established.

The public prosecutor had it signed and signed the prosecutional declaration. He put another paper in front of me in duplicate. I recognized the warrant for arrest. The blood ran cold in my veins.

After the failure of my former three illegal fleeing attempts, i felt captive also from the juristic point of view still before signing the warrant for arrest, as knew that the frontier guards had taken me to the militia for my arrestation. In Marosvásárhely, the first time became captive sooner in law than in fact, and still before spiritually preparing myself for it. For all that, accepted the juristic captivity and a few minutes afterwards the actual one as well. As a measure of the value and sublimeness of the liberty in this world, in the this-world. As an inevitable step on the way leading towards the chosen other-world, the desired new-world, the free progress.

11. In the cell of the station house of the militia in Marosvásárhely

Outside in the town, the militiaman led me towards the militia with strikingly hurried steps in the Igazságügy[88] street, Bolyai[89] square, then Tamás BORSOS[90] street. I had to follow him in a slight double-quick.

85 Nota bene.
86 [11]
87 Read approximately: 'orɔvitsɔba:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Oraviţa.
88 Read approximately: 'igɔzʃa:gigy. In the romanian language: Justiţiei.
89 Read approximately: 'boyɔi.
90 Read approximately: 'tɔma:ʃ 'borʃoʃ.

In all certainty, he is afraid — was thinking — that i will escape … Or he would just like that! … My feelings really induce me to run home, take the rucksack, the money, and flee … But since yesterday, no objective factors have changed … Only so much that now know: they are carrying me to arrest me … And after all, probably would not even get in to the dwelling: the militiamen would wait for me in the staircase … And they would increase my criminal record with a newer crime: escape … So, my arrestation consciousness cannot be a motive neither for my escape, nor for my fleeing.

Without the overcoat, they put me into a cell. An arrested was already in. The fixedness of the sleeping accommodations struck my eyes. In captivity, the first time saw a bed made of wood.

The door opened.

"Adorján! … Come out! … You'll go to the penitentiary."

So soon?! — raised the question to myself. … Keeping someone only a night here is nothing else, but formality! … Why do they hurry so much? … In all certainty, they do not want me to lose weight!

According to my strategy of sentence serving thought out in the station house of the militia in Oravicabánya[91] in april 1987, i did not have to eat the relatively thin dishes at all, and had to eat only around half of the hard ones as well. In keeping with this partial refusal of nourishment, had to refuse the work completely.

12. The known militiaman[92]

Going towards the dump, met a militiaman already acquainted during my second punishment, and who had been just on duty on my then liberation on 13 november 1987.

"What's up, you Adorján?!" asked he, smiling. "… Have you gotten here again?!"

"Again, citizen[93]. But i hope that for the last time."

91 Read approximately: 'orɔvitsɔba:nyɔ. In the romanian language: Oraviţa. Small town in a straight line at around 17 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

92 On the photo of the back cover, there can be seen the side being in the Igazságügy street of the prison in Marosvásárhely next to the building of the judiciary and the prosecution. The described action took place in the building partly showing from behind the wall fence on the right side of the outpost on the left side. Afterwards, the prison was visibly restored. At that time, it was of gray color.

93 This address had to replace the formula "comrade", as for ideological motives the henchmen of the communist regime could not concede the prisoners as being their comrades, and they quali-

“If i remember well, you were here some two years ago, weren’t you?”

“… In the second half of ’87.”

“You went out with the decree!?”

“Yes.”

“And since then, haven’t you managed to get to the Occident?!”

“In summer last year, i tried through Yugoslavia, but was caught.”

“Again at the serbs?! … There it’s difficult to go across … And now?”

“I would have liked to get to Austria as well, however this time through Hungary …”

“And have the hungarians given you back?! I hear that many people have remained there lately.”

“No, i did not get through to Hungary … I was afraid of being shot at the romanian-hungarian frontier … The reason why i would have liked to reach it through a narrow soviet strip of land … But the soviet frontier guards caught me.”

“… And what will you do now: you had luck neither at the hungarians, nor at the serbs, and nor at the russians?! … Will you go to the bulgarians?”

“I do not know, citizen … First, let me rid myself of here. Then, i shall see.”

“… Will you go out to work?”

“No, citizen.”

“The commander will put you at isolation!”

“It does not count, citizen … I am going after my consciousness, and you after the regulations.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

13. The first punishment

I stood in the fore-part of the corridor being on the left of the entrance door looking from the inside. The militiaman seeing service in the ground-storey came out of his office.

“Undress,” was he saying, “and put on these clothes!”

He stretched out towards me a winter-coat and -pants. I took them over.

“My pull-over and thick underpants may remain, may not they?”

“Nothing may remain! … What i’ve given you are enough … It’s not cold in the isolation cell.”

fied the address “mister”, used in unofficial circles, as being old-fashioned, a “capitalist” remnant, and probably indign as well.

He opened the door being to the left from his office. A cell of around 6 × 3 meters appeared to my view. Its floor was a smooth cement. On the right, a folded-up and padlocked sleeping convenience. Around 4 meters high, a neon tube monopolized the ensuring of the light. The door shut behind me.

On the right side, a prisoner stood on the floor. He looked at me smiling.

“Why have they put you in?” asked he.

“For work refusal.”

“… Ahem, you’re a rare occurrence … If you endure the ten days, they will put you in for ten more days, afterwards you may stay at room till the end of your punishment … Well, let’s lie back!”

He arranged his pulled-off boot being under his right foot, turning outwards he laid himself down on it sideways on the level of the pelvis, let the rips on his cap, the head on his upper arm, and closed his eyes.

“Engineer!” said to me my fellow-prisoner. “They’ll take me out today. If i’m still here at noon, i’ll give you my dinner!”

“Thank you! … You know, outside i eat little, but here inside i cannot choose but to eat all, because of the deficient clothing and feeding … For this reason, your offer comes in very useful!”

My nose commenced to be running, and a slide headache descended upon me.

This is a cold — established. … But what from?! … I do not feel cold, my body weight is still almost normal, and according to my experience my organism is able to endure even much severe atmospheric parameters … From the dinner handed in yesterday, only i ate: in all certainty, they had mixed in it the culture of some sort of micro-organism … But to what purpose? … Probably, they want to make me believe that cannot stand the conditions of the isolation, and by this means they would like to compel me to work … The action is too easily seen through … Have to endure the remaining two days! … Do not think that my state shall worsen, as this is a provoked and superficial illness!

14. The shower-bath

The cylindriform cast-iron stove poured out of itself the heat produced by the combustion of methane gas. The door opened.

“Come to the bath!” said the militiaman on duty.

Let my fellow-prisoners run ahead. With normal steps, left the room.

Turning to the left at the staircase, began letting myself down to the ground-storey.

The entrance door was closed. Having gone past in front of the isolation cell, from the end of the corridor stepped in the dressing-room. Looked to the right. The side door opening into the courtyard impeded the outside cold proportioned to its possibilities.

It is a more humane prison than the others — thought. … Nowhere perceived heating in the room yet … Neither here permanently though, but at least they heat on giving a shower-bath … And what is still more important: we are not compelled into the cold undressed and with a moist skin, as in Temesvár[94], but were ensured an interior way as far as the shower-room!

"Quicker!" cried the prisoner handling the faucets. "Quicker, because i'll let the water go!"

I went in. My fellow-prisoners noisily waited the setting into action of the showers. With an increasing intensity, it started raining artificially.

"Hey there, it's cold! … It's cold!" sounded the cries.

The temperature of the water commenced to rise. It becoming convenient, i stood in under it. But its warming did not cease. Barely wet myself, and had to leave its volume of action.

In the room, more and more vapor had accumulated. It seemed that instead of a normal one they ensured a turkish bath, that i stayed in a cloud or in a fog never experienced up to this time. The water content of the air had increased so much that i was on the brink of coughing, and some began to cough as well.

It may be — was thinking — that this shall have a good influence on me: it may force the artificial cold out of me.

"Hey there, it's boiling, hey! … Who could put you here?! … Hey there, tell him that he shouldn't scald us!"

Having washed down the soap from me, went out to the dressing-room. A biting cold struck me.

Vapor bath — was thinking — or no vapor bath, but i am convinced that while we were taking the shower-bath they opened the door! … If i endure this, my case shall be as good as won!

"Engineer!" said a fellow-prisoner. "You shouldn't have come to take a bath! … You'll take more cold!"

"Well, if i had known that there would be a turkish bath, then i would certainly not have come!"

94 Read approximately: 'temeʃva:r. In the romanian language: Timişoara. Big town in a straight line at around 30 kilometers from the romanian-yugoslav frontier. [2]

15. The second punishment

The door opened. A militiaman unknown for me appeared in it.

“Adorján! … Will you go out to work?”

“No, citizen.”

“… We’ll put you for ten more days at isolation!”

“Citizen! … I do not feel completely well … I think that have fever as well …”

“There you’re! … Wouldn’t be it better, if you came out to pick haricot beans?! … You’d sit on the bench eight hours, and not on the cement sixteen hours; and would sleep on the mattress, and not on the plank.”

“No, citizen … Also in this manner i would go to the isolation, but i think what if afterwards my condition shall worsen …”

“Come to the physician!. He’ll examine you, and if you’re ill, he’ll exempt you for a few days.”

“Comrade doctor! We should put this detainee[95] at isolation, but he says that he feels out of sorts.”

“What’s the trouble?” asked the doctor, swinging towards me.

“General weakness, nose-cold, a mild headache …”

“Put in this thermometer! … Sit down on the chair!”

“You have fever … Nearly 38 … What’s your name?”

“ADORJÁN István.”

“Which room are you in?”

“In 58.”

“Today, i’ll send you up the medicines … Comrade sergeant! Bring him back in two days!”

The second time, they put me in the isolation cell being situated next to the entrance on the way out on the right side. In its structure, it was identical with the former one. However, in its dimensions it lay on a smaller surface of around 4 × 2 meters.

My artificial solitude did not perturb me. Moreover, i was glad to be able to give free scope for my thoughts. Against its uncoveredness, the thick plank side of the bucket made it possible that at times from my walking to and fro retired to rest on its rim.

In order to increase the endurableness of my hunger, put aside half of the dinner samp for the evening, and the whole supper one for the following day. In this way, could nourish myself three times also in the days

95 The prisoners were officially called “detainees”. [In the romanian language: deținut.]

without warm meals: in the morning with the cheereek[96], at noon and in the evening with a half of samp each. For a packing material, used the torn-out lining of a pocket, and for a storing place, the edge of the air window.

The greatest privation was meant by the complete absence of personal hygiene. Far from being allowed to take a shower-bath, to brush the teeth, to wash at least the hands, the face and the feet, but could not use toilet paper either.

For the night, the sleeping conveyance was let down, and two rugs were given in. I spread them on each other so that in both ends around 1 meter each remained simply. After covering myself up, pulled one under the feet, the other under the head, and the sides under the rest of the parts of body. In this manner, far from feeling cold, but even an agreeable sensation of warm overcame me.

It is a prison in the prison — thought. … If they let me out of here, a number of days shall feel well in the room, even if they allow us to sit down only on the wooden benches … Similarly as after being let out of prison, for a time is sheer delight to lie on the back on my sofa in my room, to take a pencil in the hand, or to freely walk in the town or in the nature, even if in my subconscious there hides the pressing reflection of the fact that have not attained the purpose of my fleeing yet, i am still in the romanian communist state … What happens in the isolation cell evidently breaks the most elementary personal hygienic norms, which together with the starvation can pass for a torture, if the concerned person does not dispose of a proper strength of mind and adaptability … But even under such circumstances can be glad, if take into consideration those heard in Temesvár, according to which there they pour water in the isolation cell … It is a curious happiness! … Obviously, also outside of the isolation cell, they break written or unwritten, national or international rules … As does it not offend the human dignity that they give us a close crop once a month, that they shave us only once a week, that they keep us in uniform, that the longitudinally streaky pattern of this is out of use in the civilian life, that the notion in the romanian communist state of “prisoner uniform” includes not only the coat, pants and cap, but even the shirt, moreover the underwear as well?! … Does not it break hygienic rules that also the working prisoners may be given a shower-bath only once a week or that in a room of around 4 × 4 × 4 meters they keep twelve of us?! … Why is that so? … On the one part, the romanian “hydra” makes its best to press the level of leaving of the society in the romanian communist state as

96 It is a phonetical adaptation of the word of the romanian prisoner slang “ciric”. [Read approximately: tʃi 'rik.] It meant the morning brown-bread ration of 125 grams of the prisoners being at room.

low as possible with the purpose of having the so-called national minorities emigrated, of bringing to perfection the romanian element in its national state … Because the level of living in the prison must necessarily bee lower, the ensuring of the fit difference is not possible without hurting certain human values: as outside a part of the population live through the winter in cold rooms, here inside the rooms are not heated … This is still more evident in the case of the difference between the living conditions in the prison and those in the isolation cell … On the other part, prejudicing the human dignity and rights is a national secret political need, means and principle of the "hydra", which because of its unrestrained power cannot be lacking neither in its isolation cell, nor in its prison, nor in its state … As the humans not accidentally feel in the prison outside as well.

The door opened.

"What are you doing, Adorján?" asked the militiaman on duty.

"I am well, citizen … Alone in a room … Is there someone here who has a separate room?!"

"… Oh, Adorján! You don't see things well."

"From my point of view, this is how it is good."

"… And do you think that it shall be better staying at room?!"

"For me, it is good like that, citizen."

"… Wouldn't it be better, if you went out to work: the time would pass faster, you would get before the committee with the time won with your work earlier than the half of your punishment, you'd be put off for one or two months, then you'd be liberated much earlier?!"

"The frontierists are generally not let out long before the term."

"But i'd have you know that here in Marosvásárhely there was a frontierist who was set at liberty already by the first committee!"

"That was a unique case …"

"… Thus, it's better for you to be liberated at term!?"

"For me, this is how it is good, citizen."

"… You don't see things well … Not at all … You don't administer yourself well."

16. Revolutionary changes

After the supper, waiting for the taps we were reading the newspapers.

"Just look at that!" began to speak a fellow-prisoner. "… Already this has resigned as well! Ha, ha, ha, ha! … Just a few days ago, there stood down Honecker, and now also Zhivkov has given in! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed he, while looking at me. "… After having grasped the power with

tooth and nail for whole decades, now something has come upon them, and they resign one after the other! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Monday, 18 december 1989. It struck us that after the breakfast the working prisoners were not taken out.

"What could happen?!"

"Maybe the penitentiary has fulfilled its annual plan, and we were put on leave till 1 january."

"Leave?! … There's nothing of that kind in the penitentiary. Here they draw out of you as much as they can."

"And the plan hasn't to be fulfilled, but over-fulfilled! … Don't you know the slogan: 'The five-year plan in four years and a half!'?! … And neither outside the work is stopped after four years and a half!"

"Do you observe," was remarking a prisoner, "that since they don't take us out to work, they leave us alone at room too: they don't demand us to read regulations sitting on the bench, we don't hear incessantly the rustle of the spy-hole, we may calmly lie down on the bed?!"

"We see, and hear them only at the line-up …"

The door opened. There returned a fellow-prisoner taken out for an occasional activity.

"Well, say, what have you heard?"

"… Boys, it is said that things are serious … There's a revolt in Temesvár … Fights are on … The army is shooting … There are many casualties …"

Friday, 22 december 1989. The door opened. A group of militiamen appeared in it. On their left arms, they wore red bands. The middle one in the first row held a sheet of paper in his hand.

"Honored detainees," said he, in a polite tone, striking in its novelty. "The revolutionary committee of the penitentiary solemnly communicates that the Great Popular Revolution has conquered. The revolutionary forces firmly keep power in hand. In the country, the social peace has been restored. We ask you to hold your calm! We shall inform you about every event that touches you."

Revolution?! — raised the question to myself, being skeptical. … Till the opposed proof, i can accept it … But looking at the faces of these militiamen, the communication of the so-called revolutionary committee seemed to be a tragi-comical scene … As how could be members of a revolutionary organ those who over the years not only served, but also constituted a part of the communist regime of the "hydra"?!

Ancientness and shabbiness characterized everything. Looking from

the door, on the right side an iron-bed column of four levels stood. After it, the closet of the turkish toilet followed. Up on the front wall, a wide window. It looked on the large room of picking haricot beans. On its outside, in front of a close-meshed wire netting, thick bars criss-crossed one another. Its frames with glasses could be opened or closed in conformity with the changing of the need of a relatively fresh air. Under it, a wash basin with a faucet. Beside the following wall, two bed columns of four. Above the door, a loud-speaker.

"Honored fellow-countrymen!" sounded an appeal from it. "We bring to your knowledge that the Democratic Party has been constituted. Its program is based on the following directives: political pluralism, respecting the human rights, privatizing state enterprises, market economy …"

If the appeal of a party with such a program can be announced in the radio — was thinking — then it is a matter of radical changes indeed! … But a number of days ago, this rigid-voiced person still read out texts manufactured for the cult of the personality of Nicolae Ceauşescu and for the glorification of the communist regime hall-marked by his name!

"Line-up!"

We went under the window, and stood in two files.

"Well, engineer!" spoke to me my former-securist fellow-prisoner. "What kind of fundamental changes shall there be after the revolution?"

"… If the communism is overthrown," was i saying, "then in the field of foreign policy, i think, it is not far the moment, when the Soviet Moldavia will unite with Romania."

"… And in the home policy?"

"… Well, in a large measure, this depends on the character of the revolutionary forces …"

"… First liberalizing the trade, then privatizing the industry, isn't it?"

"… Yes."

At the level of the squealers, no changes are perceivable — thought. … They act around me in the same manner as up to this time … If consider my former-securist fellow-prisoner as being a national secret political prisoner, and if it is a matter of a radical revolution, he has a certain legitimacy, as he represents the "revolutionary forces" … But what about the others?! … And what kind of revolutionary forces are those who use prisoners without transition and in the same manner like the communist regime of the "hydra"?! … On the basis of this, the "hydra" has henceforward remained the secret possessor of the political power, the changes are revolutionary only on the surface.

The wicket opened.

"Take away the press!"

We went there for one human. To our surprise, only one newspaper was handed in. It attracted attention that instead of the earlier “Scînteia” its title was “Scînteia poporului”[97].

“It can be seen that there was a revolution at Scînteia as well.”

“Let’s see: ‘The Announcement of the National Salvation Front’s Council to the Country … We are living in a historic moment … The clan of Ceauşescu has been removed from power … The objective of the National Salvation Front is the creation of democracy, freedom and dignity of the romanian people … For a program, the Front proposes the following: 1. Abandoning the leading role of the only party and introducing a democratic and pluralist system of government … 2. Organizing free elections in April …’”[98]

“Well, engineer! Now, you may already go to the Occident with a passport!”

“I need not go … I have arrived … If we have not gotten through to it, then it has come to us.”

I sat down on the bench persisting in unbelief. The happiness irradiated more or less from everyone though, the atmosphere of the room was dominated by festivity though, and also i rejoiced at the great event though, i had to make efforts to disguise the overshadowing of my developing short-term happiness by a developing longer-term disappointment. Since may 1987, my purpose of life was overthrowing the world communism. For this, risked my corporal integrity and life still twice, as well as lost my freedom still thrice. Thought that beyond the success of my fleeing process, an assiduous and lengthy work still expected me, and was not convinced of that my life would be enough for effecting that purpose. So that at this time the successor paper of the Romanian Communist Party had made me conscious of that i had reached my purpose of life only with illegal crossings of frontier, at the age of 30. Being afflicted by the spiritual burden of purposelessness, rested the elbow on the legs, let the head into the palms, and stared at the cement floor to no purpose.[99]

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97 Read approximately: skin 'teyʌ po 'poruluy. In the english language: The Spark of the People. It was the successor newspaper of the country-wide daily paper of the Central Committee of the Romanian Communist Party.

98 [13]

99 On 26 december 1989, from need of information and political sense of responsibility, asked permission to go to the commandant in order to encourage my setting at liberty. Instead, the following day, i was carried in front of the court, which established that there were no reasons justifying my further detention. I was released on 27 december 1989. On the ticket-of-leave, the juristic ground of this was described as the “law of the Council of the National Salvation Front. On 12 january 1990, there was canceled the fraudulent frontier-crossing as a criminal act with the Law-Decree No. 12. On 30 january, i was acquitted by the Criminal Sentence No. 113.

Afterword

At the time of the bygone happenings, i did not know, recognized it only at the time of writing this book with the advancement of my knowledge relative to the national secret political organizations, that the romanian national secret political organization kept under its control my this illegal fleeing attempt already from my departure — first of all by the help of the listening technique installed in the walls of the block dwelling already on construction — then with secret observers and agents the romanian and the soviet national secret political organizations followed me through my route, and in this respect they collaborated as well. If i had conjectured this at that time, would not have dared to carry out the illegal fleeing attempt, because at that time did not still know either that from the point of view of its success it was primarily important not whether the national secret political organizations were physically capable of my capturing or not, but whether they were able to create such capturing circumstances that by my capturing they would not produce evidences on their own existence and actions.

In Nagybánya, the romanian national secret political organization did not bring me together with my “friend” already during my first main-square round, because with that it could have brought about my presumption that it “had been on the jump” for throwing in my “friend”, and therefore it had for me imperceptibly followed me through at least a part of my route. With the throwing in of the “black cabman”, on the one part it tried preventing that outside my plan i again tried disappearing from before it in the forest of the mountains — similarly to as i had acted in Marosvásárhely — and in this way it facilitated my secret following, on the other part it tried creating a situation for having me captured. With the young man in leather jacket, at that time it successfully corroborated my incorrect conception that i had been denounced by my “friend”, with the purpose of disguising that in reality it had had me under observation already since my departure.

The having it appeared in front of me of the child singing the popular song of my fellow-prisoner in Slobozia Gîrgavu can be construed as a probable romanian national secret political programing: “In the Soviet Union, you shall not enter into a sexual relation with the woman, the authorities will deport you back, and in the course of your long imprisonment i will throw in Gîrgavu against you again.” This proves for me that the national secret political organizations collaborate closely in relation of the individuals inconvenient to them, the romanian national secret political organization went far to foresee and determine my future, and on 17 october 1989 it had not yet decided the termination of its Ceauşescu regime.

As it can be seen on the photo of the front cover, on 6 august 2019 the

wood of the one-time romanian-soviet frontier is constituted by much smaller trees than on 18 october 1989. This refers to that afterwards it was cleared. Conversely — taking into account also my identical experiences acquired about the banks of the Berettyó and the Cernovec — on the marshy terrain the trees were allowed to grow, presumably already since december 1989. From this, it results the seeming contrast that while for the trees of the wood there was, for the trees of the marsh has never cropped up an economic demand, albeit those could be also harmful regarding the agricultural activity. However, these two contrasting phenomena have a common trait: both refute my this book. And this common refutation can express a national secret political demand, so that the above seeming contrast can be disentangled so that the national secret political will filling this demand has been stronger than the civil will having tended towards filling the economic demand relative to clearing the trees of the marsh.

The orifice found on the iron curtain, sufficient for wriggling through, was presumably made by the soviet national-secret-political-organization union subsequently to that on 8 july 1988 i had crossed the romanian-yugoslav frontier on a similar terrain. On the one part, this expresses their interest that i spent the most time possible in their country, which can also be seen from that they captured me the latest possible. As it would not have been difficult to close my western proceeding with taking under observation the fringe of the wood. On the other part, it corroborates the hypothesis that particularly the yugoslav and the soviet ones, but generally the national secret political organizations have collaborated in relation to the persons of my kind.

Under regular circumstances, the soviet frontier guards should probably have launched a manhunt for my capturing. Instead, they appeared to have restrained themselves to controlling the places of my climbing, then approaching the fence. The frontier guards of the outpost asserted the conception that: “We don’t know that he crossed the frontier”, it was i who should have given a reason to them for my observation, albeit they should have been informed about that there occurred a frontier violation in the wood, and for this reason they watched not only the valley, but also the wood.

The display before me on a place-name table of exclusively the hungarian name Akli of the settlement Klinovoye expressed the antagonism of the ukrainian national secret political organization with the hungarian national secret political organization, its fear of losing Sub-Carpathia acquired from Hungary, and that in this matter it attributed a potential role also to me, namely with the possibility of my immigration in Hungary i meant a security peril for it.

With the rice with meat, the white bread, the mentioning of another illegal frontier crossing suggesting the possibility of remaining in the Soviet

Union, they boosted the Soviet Union before me. This, as well as that on my handing over the soviet officers gave away the romanian officer that i had political purposes, prove before me that the soviet national secret political organizations did not know that the Ceauşescu regime would be overthrown within a few weeks, and accordingly refute the theory that the romanian "revolution" was inspired personally by Mikhail Gorbachov or some people from the Soviet Union.

On my first and third illegal fleeing attempts, i was captured relatively easily, while on my second illegal fleeing attempt gave myself up. On the basis of these, there came up the suspicion that i might have been an agent of the Ceauşescu regime. The question seemable strange of captain Rangu that why i waited at the outpost for the soldiers to leave, then that he placed the bottle next to my rucksack, certainly intended to clear this suspicion, and for me proved the collaboration in my relation of the yugoslav and the soviet, or in a wider sense of the national secret political organizations using the communism. The groundlessness of this suspicion is also proved by the 1989 romanian mock revolution itself — with which, in defense and increase of the romanian national dignity, the romanian national secret political organization was under the necessity of giving up its own type of communism to the effect of the termination of the eastern-european communism — as in attaining its main internal-policy purpose, namely the elimination of the national minorities, the Ceauşescu regime still indispensably needed the communism. Albeit, my action inspired generally the termination of the soviet-type communism, namely just the cause of the romanian mock revolution.

The romanian captain frontier guard seemingly suspected that in the illegal crossing of the frontier someone had helped me. The national secret political purpose of this was possibly to disguise the fact and refute the presumption that the romanian national secret political organization had me followed through my fleeing route.

At that time, i did not observe that in my written statement 11 october — as the date of my arrival in Nagybánya — appeared as untrue before the authorities as well, because also according to my then consciousness they had spotted me in Nagybánya, therefore they knew that i had arrived there in reality on 10. This is probably a manifestation of my state of mind deteriorated for the moment by the beating, which they presumably expected to bring about such a character of my written statement which they could have used for a pretext for a newer beating.

It appears that the soviet national secret political organizations became aware of the political-ideological purport of my illegal fleeing attempts, because subsequently to that between 1986 and 1989 i had four times illegally crossed the frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania, in 1991 the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics ceased to exist, just like in 1989

the Hungarian People's Republic together with the other central-eastern-european communist states, then in 1990 the Socialist Federative Republic of Yugoslavia as well.

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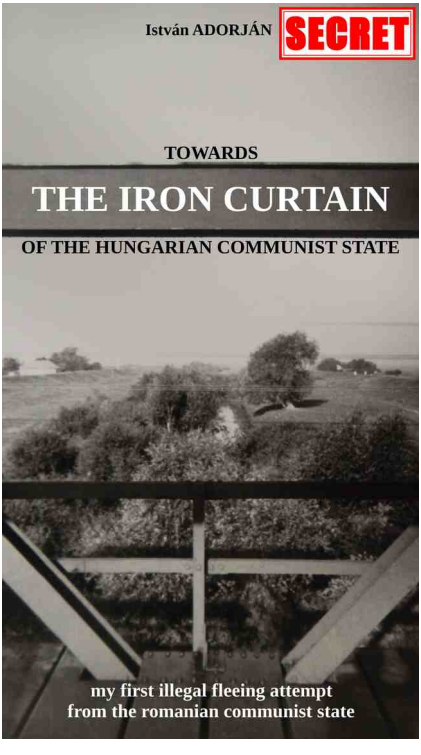
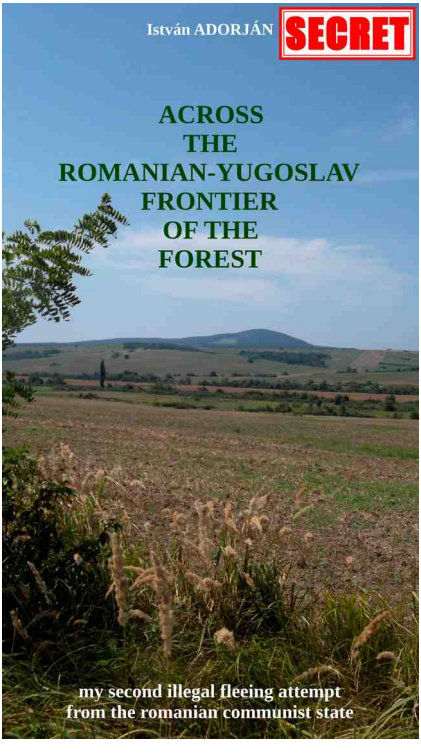
Other books

In the series of four entitled “My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State”, i have still published the following books:

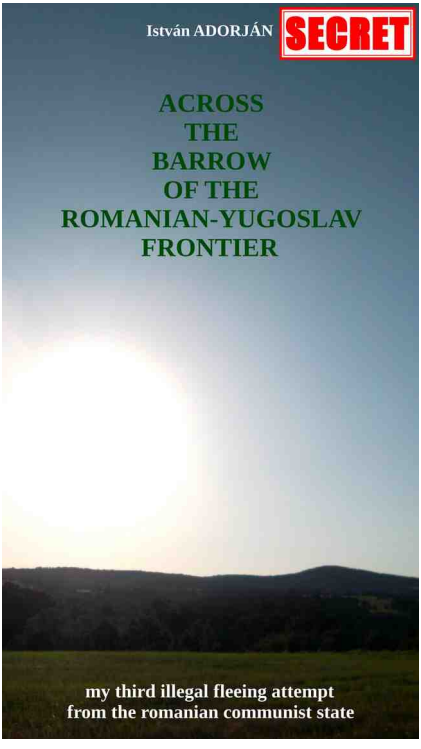
1) the hungarian-language text paperback version and the english-language text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Towards the Iron Curtain of the Hungarian Communist State — my first illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, in Romania, and respectively, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



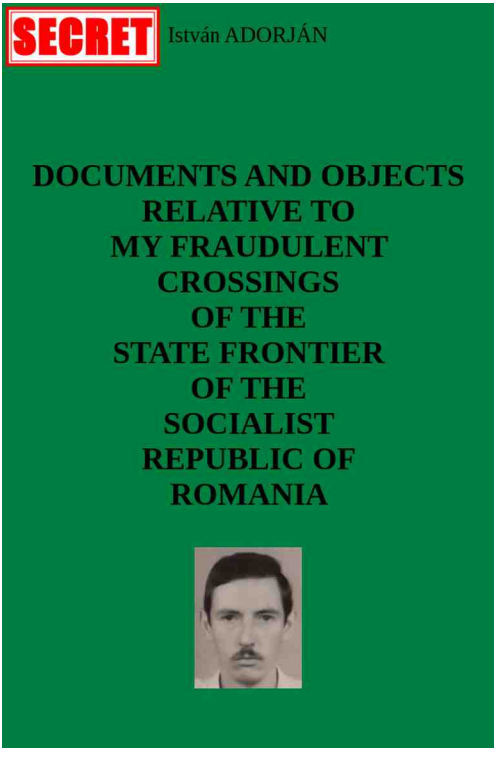
2) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier of the Forest — my second illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



3) the text-image electronic version of my book entitled “Across the Barrow of the Romanian-Yugoslav Frontier — my third illegal fleeing attempt from the romanian communist state”, with the internet distributors Google Play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



I have published the photos of the remained objects used in the course of my four illegal fleeing attempts, as well as of the remained documents produced in connection with those in my free electronic book entitled “Documents and Objects relative to My Fraudulent Crossings of the State Frontier of the Socialist Republic of Romania”, with the internet distributors Google play and Internet Archive, with the following cover:



Book-creation information

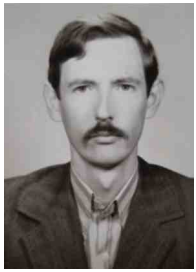
The author created this book for the most part between february 1994 and june 2000, together with the books describing his other three illegal fleeing attempts, as conceiver and author, resulting from the scientific and social need of cognizing the phenomenon of illegal fleeing brought about by the communist states, under private-life circumstances sitting at table in the corner from the downtown beside the window of the middle room of the flat 10 of the second upper storey of the block under number 25 December 22 boulevard in Marosvásárhely, Romania, writing on paper in the hungarian language. He began writing the chapters relative to his imprisonment in 1997. In the beginning, he planned one book with the title "My Four Illegal Fleeing Attempts from the Romanian Communist State". He finished that by the end of 1994, but by that time his writing aptitudes had developed to the point that he did not content himself with it, and thought it better to conform to the self-sufficiency of the four events, dividing the writing into four self-sufficient books. Because of the further increase of the individual achievement, as well as the need of a description as accurate and complete as possible of the experiences fixed in the memory, he rewrote the books several times with modifications and completions, so that taken in its entirety he had to use up a few tens of kilograms of paper. At the same time, the author literally and personally translated these four books into the english language for the most part in the above period. The last forms of the paper manuscripts of the hungarian and the english languages all together weigh almost 5 kilograms. Between june 2013 and the beginning of 2014, the author put the paper manuscripts into electronic forms, then between april and october 2019 he read through the electronic manuscripts. The electronic redaction of the book was made by the author personally mainly with the following technical means: Acer AOD270, Samsung ST65, Microsoft Windows 7, LibreOffice 4, GIMP 2.

Book-publication information

Beginning with around the middle of 1995, the author submitted by mail the english-language paper manuscripts of the first book to several publishing houses in the USA, Canada and Great Britain. In his written applications, he regularly mentioned the three other books being in the course of preparation as well. In the non-publication story of around 3 years, the manuscripts sent to Penguin Books, Viking Penguin, Unwin Hyman, The Hearst Corporation and William Morrow & Co. were "returned to sender", while W. W. Norton & Co., Harper Collins and Farrar, Straus & Giroux

Publishers issued express written refusals.

Author information



On the photo taken probably in 1993, less than a year before beginning writing his books reconstructing his illegal fleeing attempts, there is visible the author, István ADORJÁN. He was born on 20 december 1959 in the village Mikháza[100] in the county Maros in Romania, his citizenship is romanian, his ethnicity hungarian, his identity first of all human, at present he regards not one state his own or his country, ideologically he is atheist, politically liberal, his theory-like conviction is that the great religions and the national states are creatures and means of the national secret political organizations, with his writings his purposes are the publication and diffusion of his say of scientific, philosophic-atheist, progressive, humanist, non-nationalist and liberal spirituality, particularly the revelation, publication and diffusion of his say relative to the national-imperialist, anti-humanist, anti-progressive and anti-scientific nature and activity of the national secret political organizations, great religions and national states.

100Read approximately: 'mikha:zɔ. In the romanian language: Călugăreni.

The End
of the Electronic Book